

EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!



No 9 SEPT.

# FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

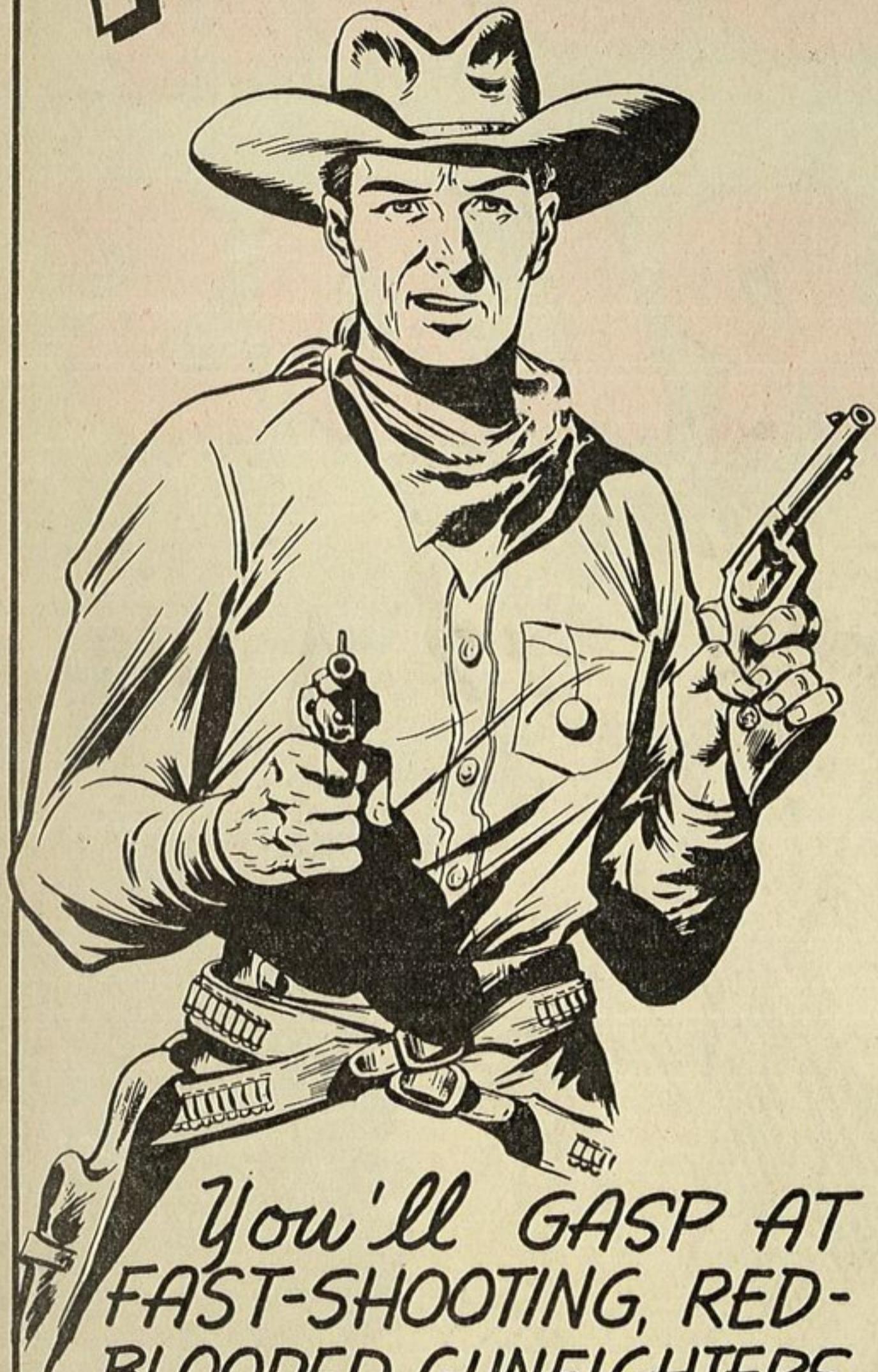


# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and CHEER for a  
ONCE - IN - A -  
LIFETIME  
COMICS MAGAZINE!



You'll GASP AT  
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-  
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS  
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE  
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED  
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...  
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,  
FAST-RIDING COWBOY  
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

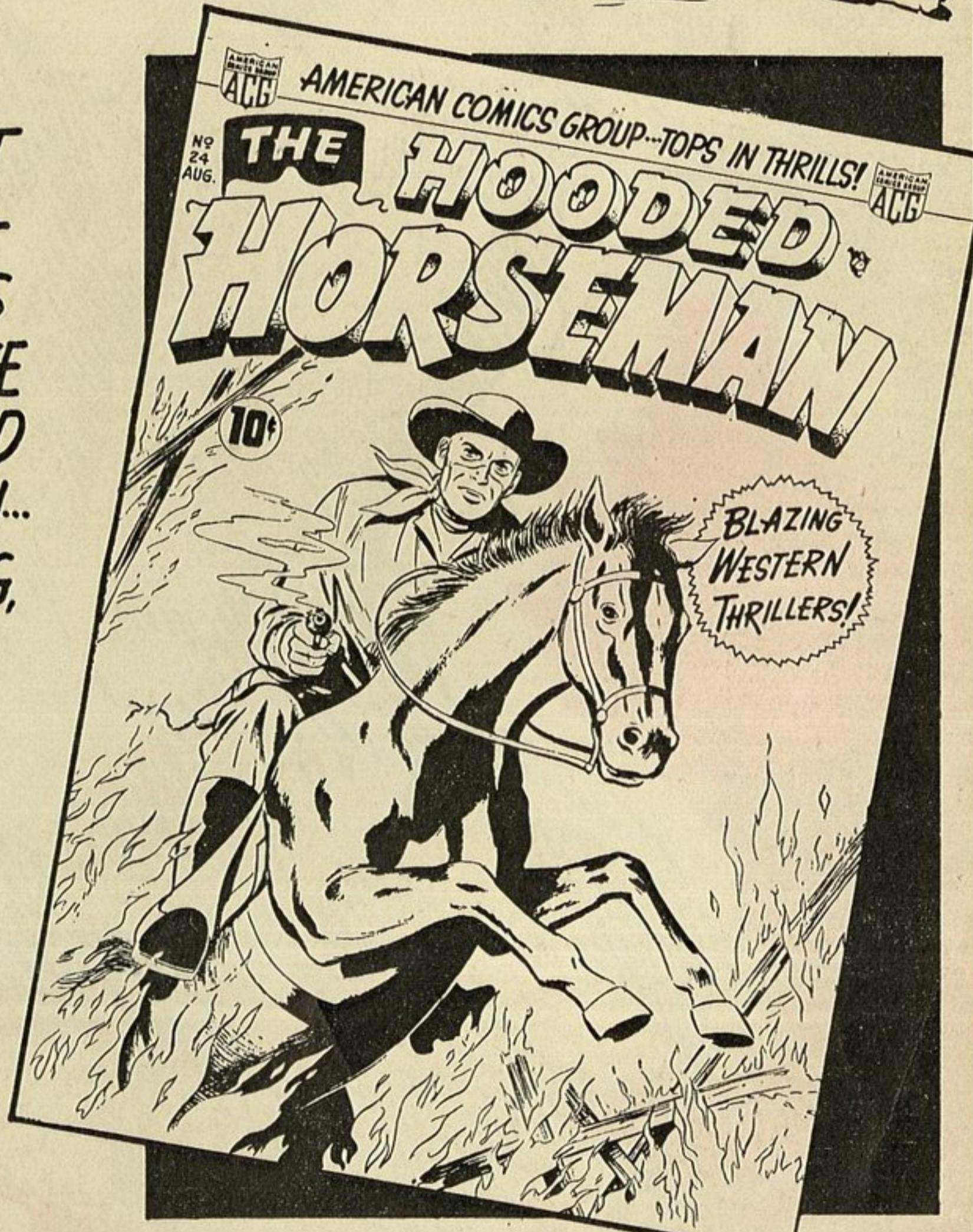
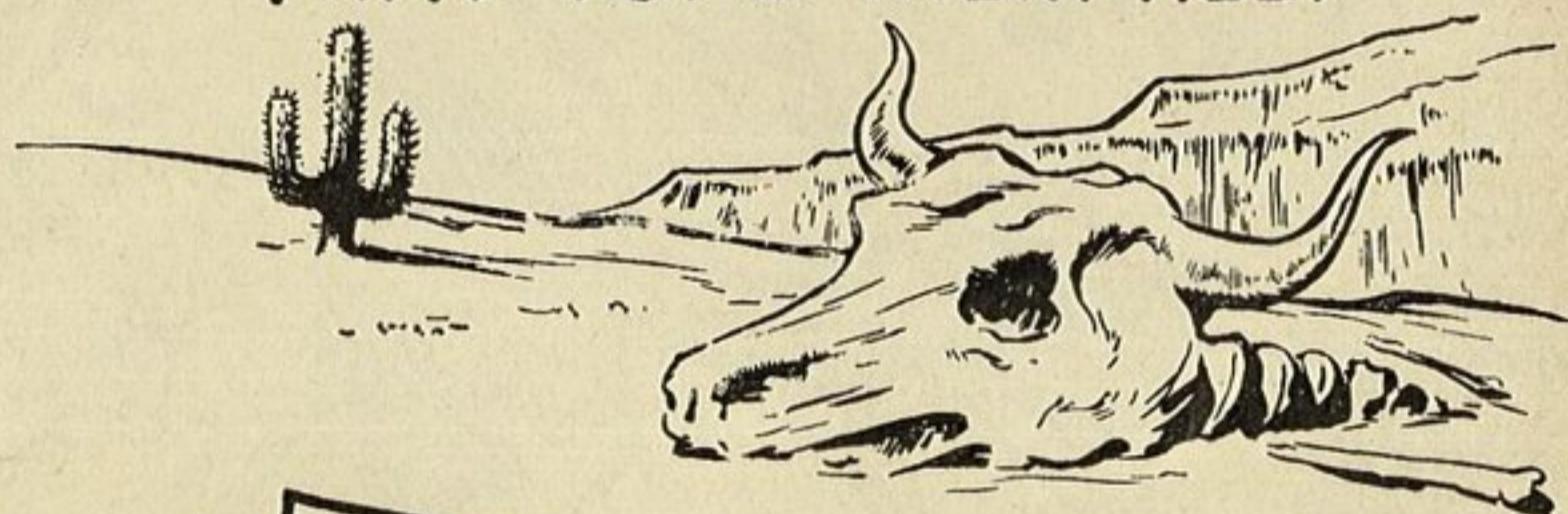
You've NEVER read a  
western like this...  
it's an action-packed  
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

THE HOODED  
HORSEMAN!

## THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-  
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC  
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



10¢ ON ALL STANDS

# The FLYING HEAD

IT WAS A SEEMINGLY HARMLESS THING...A MUSEUM PIECE TO BE VIEWED THROUGH A GLASS SHOWCASE! BUT ITS POTENTIAL EVIL WAS A MALIGNANT FORCE--A HORROR FROM THE WORLD OF LIMBO WHICH COULD STREAK MURDEROUSLY OUT OF THE BROODING NIGHT TO SCATTER TERROR AGAINST THE HELPLESS VICTIMS WHO WOULD KNOW THE GRISLY FURY OF...

**The FLYING HEAD!**



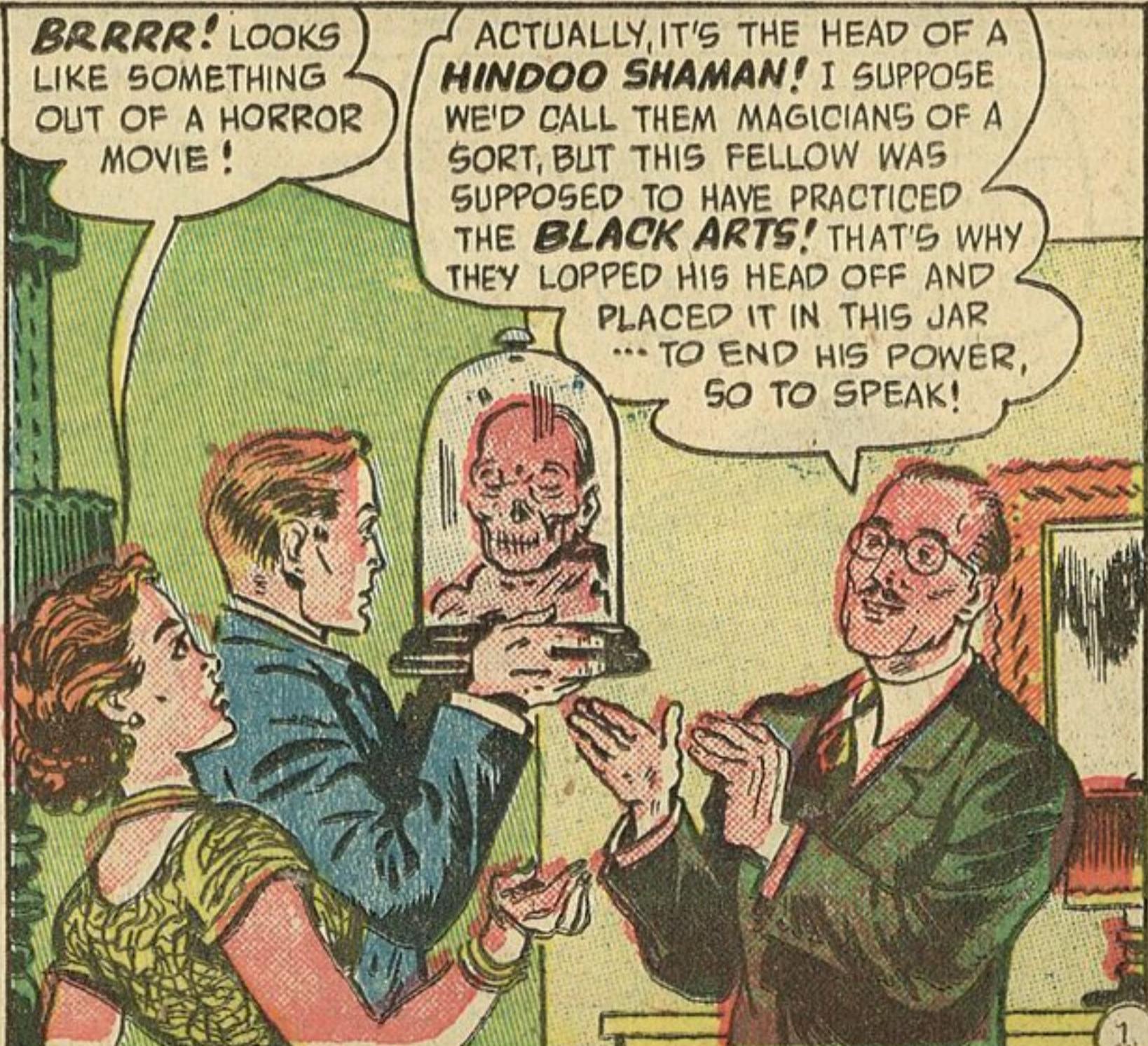
LATE ONE NIGHT, IN THE LIBRARY OF MUSEUM CURATOR, CYRUS P. WILKES...

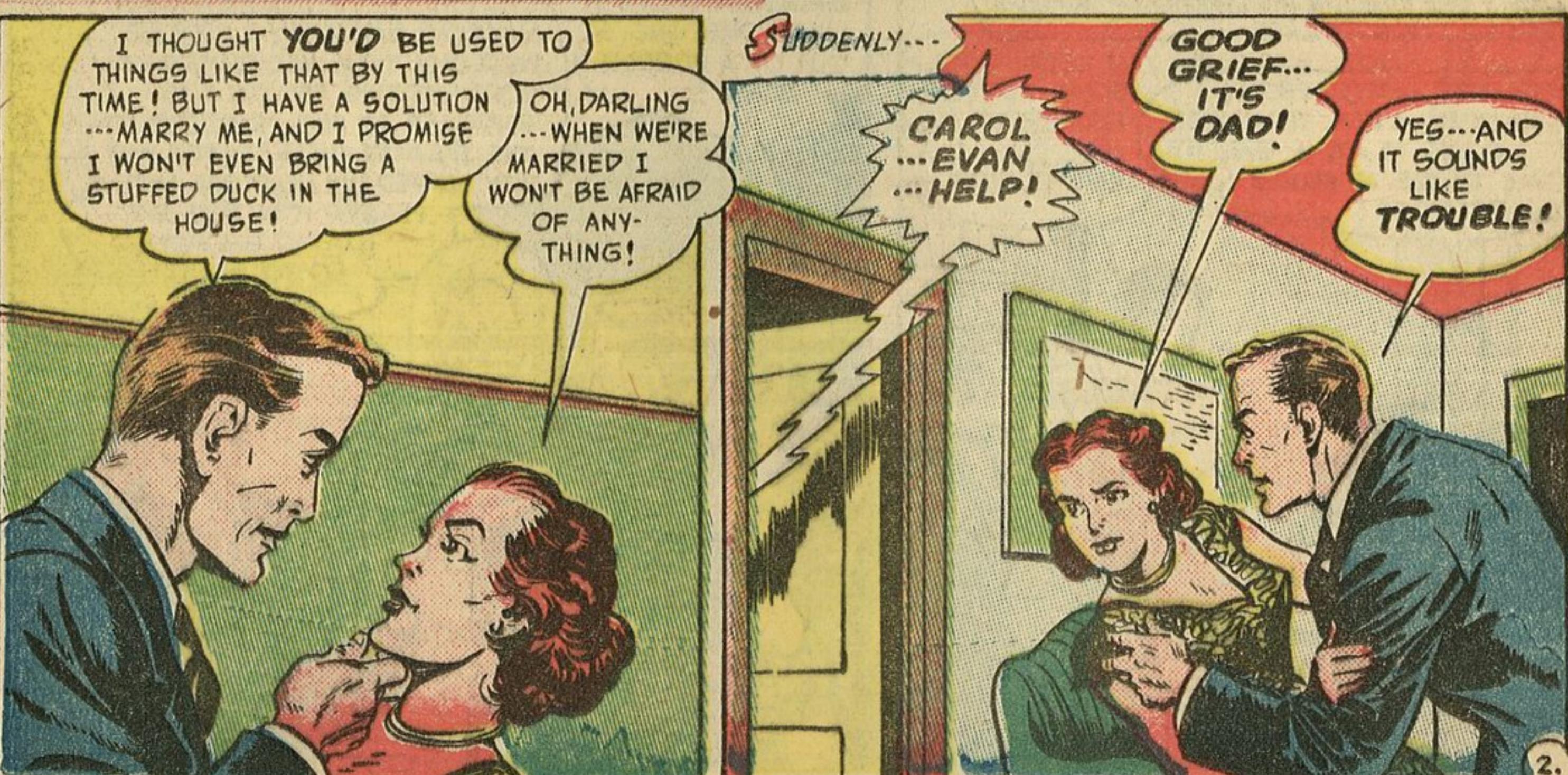
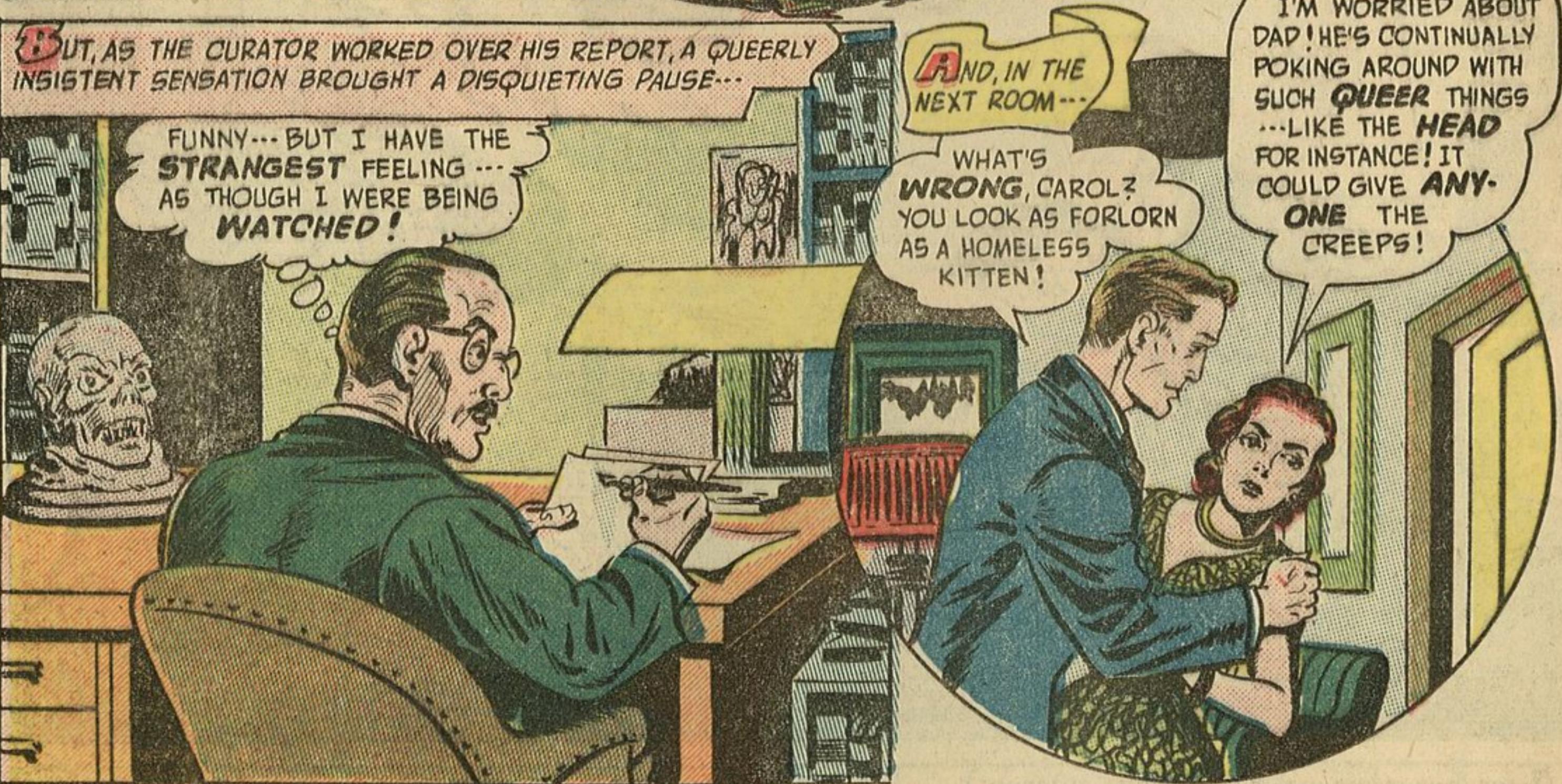
THIS JUST ARRIVED FROM INDIA, EVAN...A REAL TREASURE! IT'S GOING TO ADD A GREAT DEAL TO THE MUSEUM'S PRESTIGE!

IT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF PRESERVED HEAD! MAY I SEE IT, SIR?

BRRRR! LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A HORROR MOVIE!

ACTUALLY, IT'S THE HEAD OF A HINDOO SHAMAN! I SUPPOSE WE'D CALL THEM MAGICIANS OF A SORT, BUT THIS FELLOW WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE PRACTICED THE BLACK ARTS! THAT'S WHY THEY LOPPED HIS HEAD OFF AND PLACED IT IN THIS JAR ... TO END HIS POWER, SO TO SPEAK!



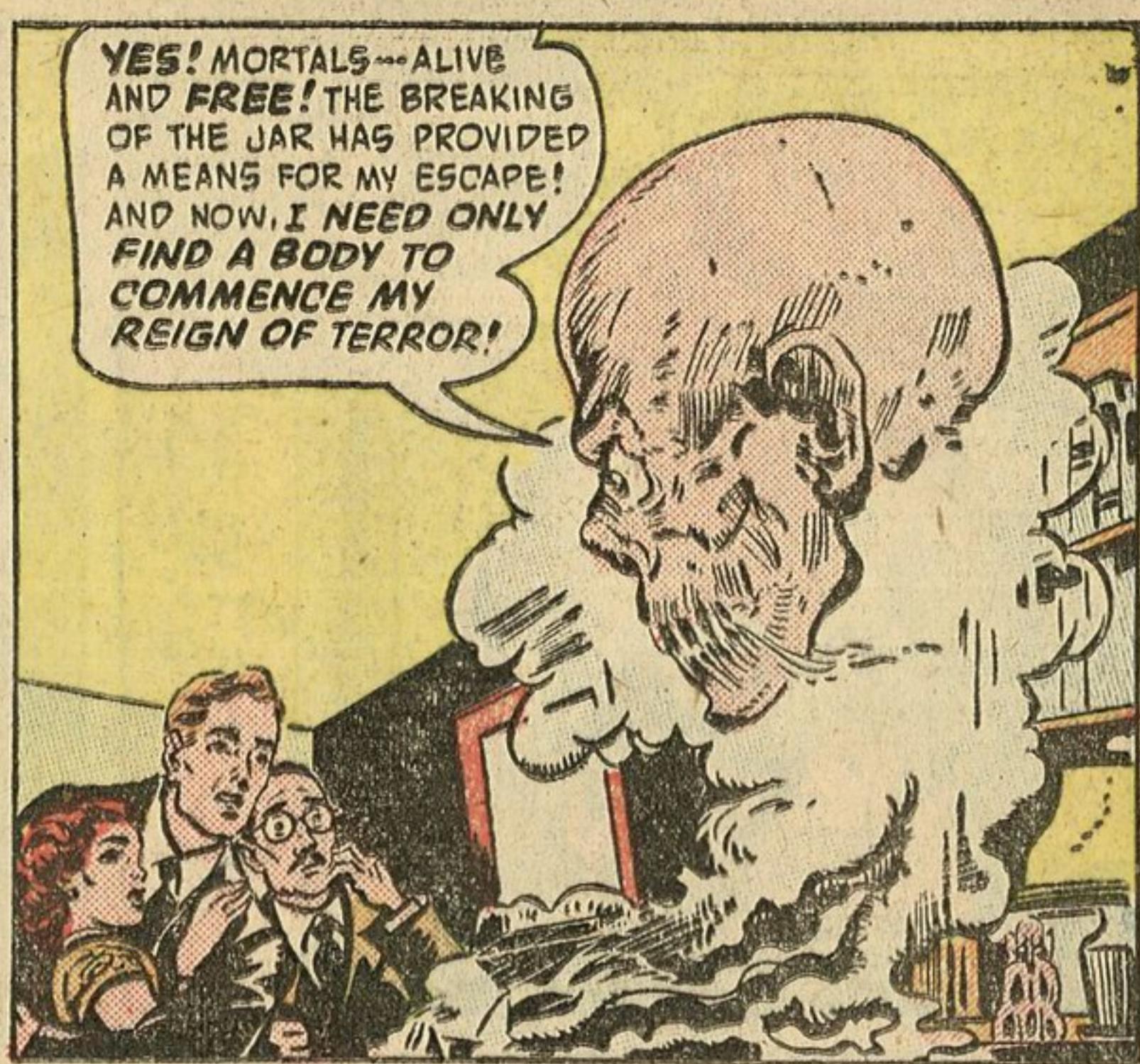


SECONDS LATER...

LOOK...  
THE HEAD!  
IT... IT  
SPOKE!

GREAT  
SCOTT!  
IT'S  
ALIVE!

YES! MORTALS... ALIVE  
AND FREE! THE BREAKING  
OF THE JAR HAS PROVIDED  
A MEANS FOR MY ESCAPE!  
AND NOW, I NEED ONLY  
FIND A BODY TO  
COMMENCE MY  
REIGN OF TERROR!



T-THIS CAN'T  
BE REAL! IT'S  
SOME SORT OF  
HALLUCINAT-  
ION!

NO  
HALLUCINATION,  
YOU FOOL! I'LL  
PROVE THAT  
SOON  
ENOUGH!

OH...  
IT'S GOING  
THROUGH  
THE  
WINDOW!

HA, HA, HA!  
HA, HA!

**CRASH!**

IT'S INCREDIBLE  
...BUT IT'S FLYING  
OFF! WHAT SORT  
OF CREATURE IS  
IT?

A MONSTROUS  
ONE, EVAN... SO  
DREADFUL I DARE  
NOT THINK  
OF THE  
CON-  
SEQUENCES!



IT'S BEYOND OUR POWERS TO EXPLAIN  
WHAT WE'VE JUST SEEN... BUT ONE  
THING I DO KNOW! IT'S THE HEAD OF  
AN INDIAN SHAMAN, AND THEY'RE  
REPUTED TO HAVE ENORMOUS AND  
FANTASTIC POWER! SOME SAY  
THEY CAN CONTROL THE DEAD!

CONTROL THE  
DEAD, EH? THAT  
COULD BE THE  
CLUE WE  
NEED!



THE CREEP SAID  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
NEEDING A BODY! IF IT  
HAS POWER OVER THE  
DEAD, WHERE ELSE  
WOULD IT GO BUT TO  
A CEMETERY?

YOU'RE RIGHT,...  
AND THERE IS A  
CEMETERY ONLY A  
SHORT WAY OFF!  
WE'LL LEAVE AT  
ONCE, AND YOU'D  
'BETTER TAKE MY  
GUN... JUST IN  
CASE!



SOON AFTERWARDS...

WAIT IN THE CAR, CAROL! YOUR DAD AND I ARE GOING TO CHECK WITH THE CARE-TAKER!

ALL RIGHT, BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL! BOTH OF YOU!

EVAN ... THAT SOUND! DO YOU HEAR IT?

IT'S COMING FROM BEHIND THOSE HEAD-STONES! COME ON!

OH-HHH!

JOHN  
BORN [unclear]  
DIED [unclear]  
RAY [unclear]  
REST IN PEACE

NEVER  
DIE  
DIED  
1932

LOOKS LIKE THE CARETAKER! HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!

TH-THE MONSTER... IT CAN RAISE THE DEAD! TRIED TO FIGHT IT... TOO STRONG! DO SOMETHING... BEFORE IT'S... TOO LATE!

THEN LOOMING BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES LIKE EVIL INCARNATE...

GOOD LORD! IT'S MADE GOOD ITS THREAT! THE HEAD NOW HAS A BODY!

YES, BUT IT WON'T KEEP IT!

YE GODS... THE BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT!

OF COURSE NOT, FOOL! HOW CAN YOU KILL A THING THAT IS **ALREADY** DEAD? AND NOW... PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

DESPERATELY, EVAN HURLED THE NEARBY OIL LANTERN INTO THE GRINNING SKULL...

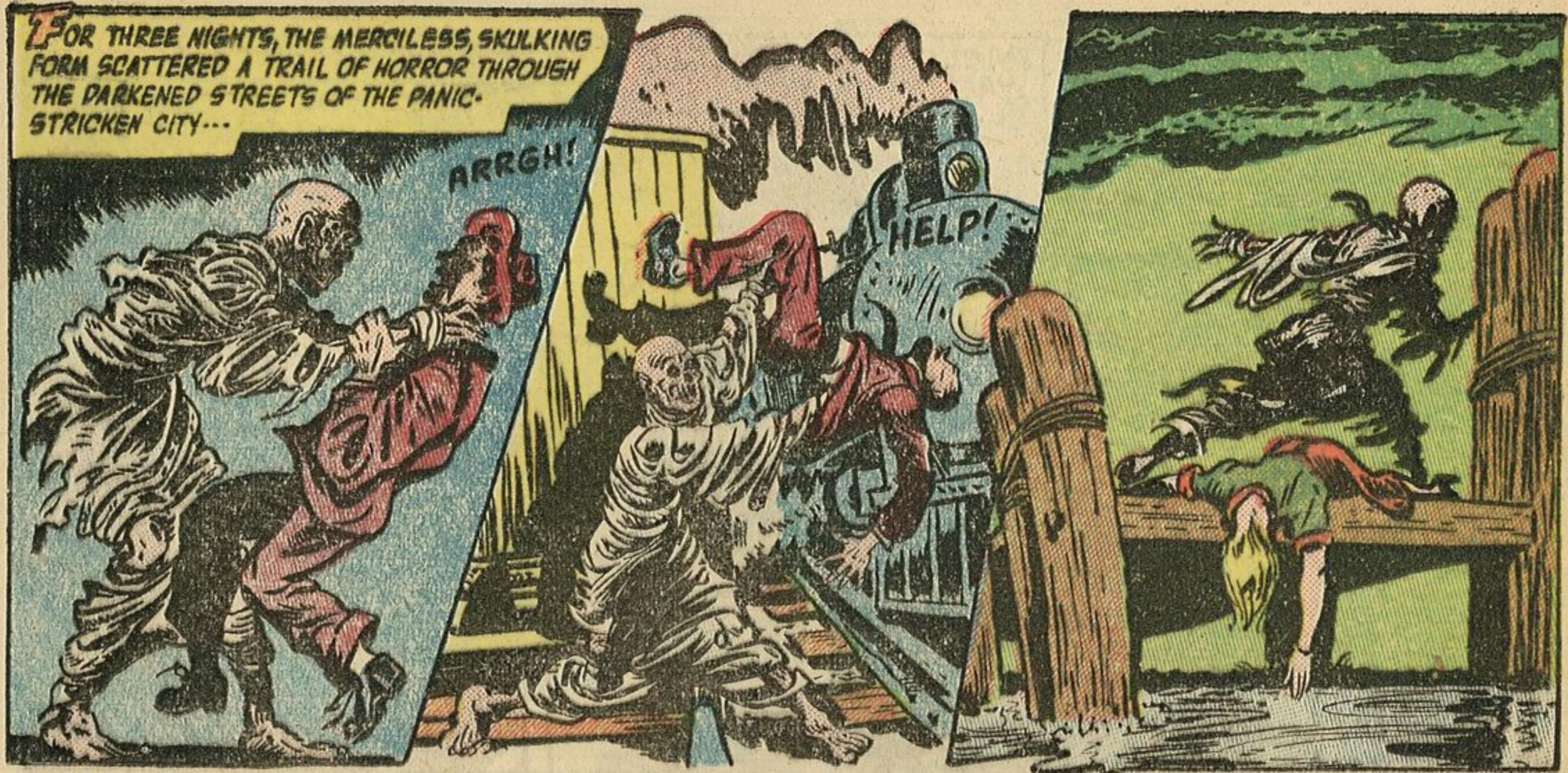
OKAY, CREEP! TRY THIS FOR A CHANGE!

AHHH...  
!!

DIED  
[unclear]  
[unclear]



"FOR THREE NIGHTS, THE MERCILESS, SKULKING FORM SCATTERED A TRAIL OF HORROR THROUGH THE DARKENED STREETS OF THE PANIC-STRICKEN CITY..."



MEANWHILE, IN CURATOR WILKES' HOME...

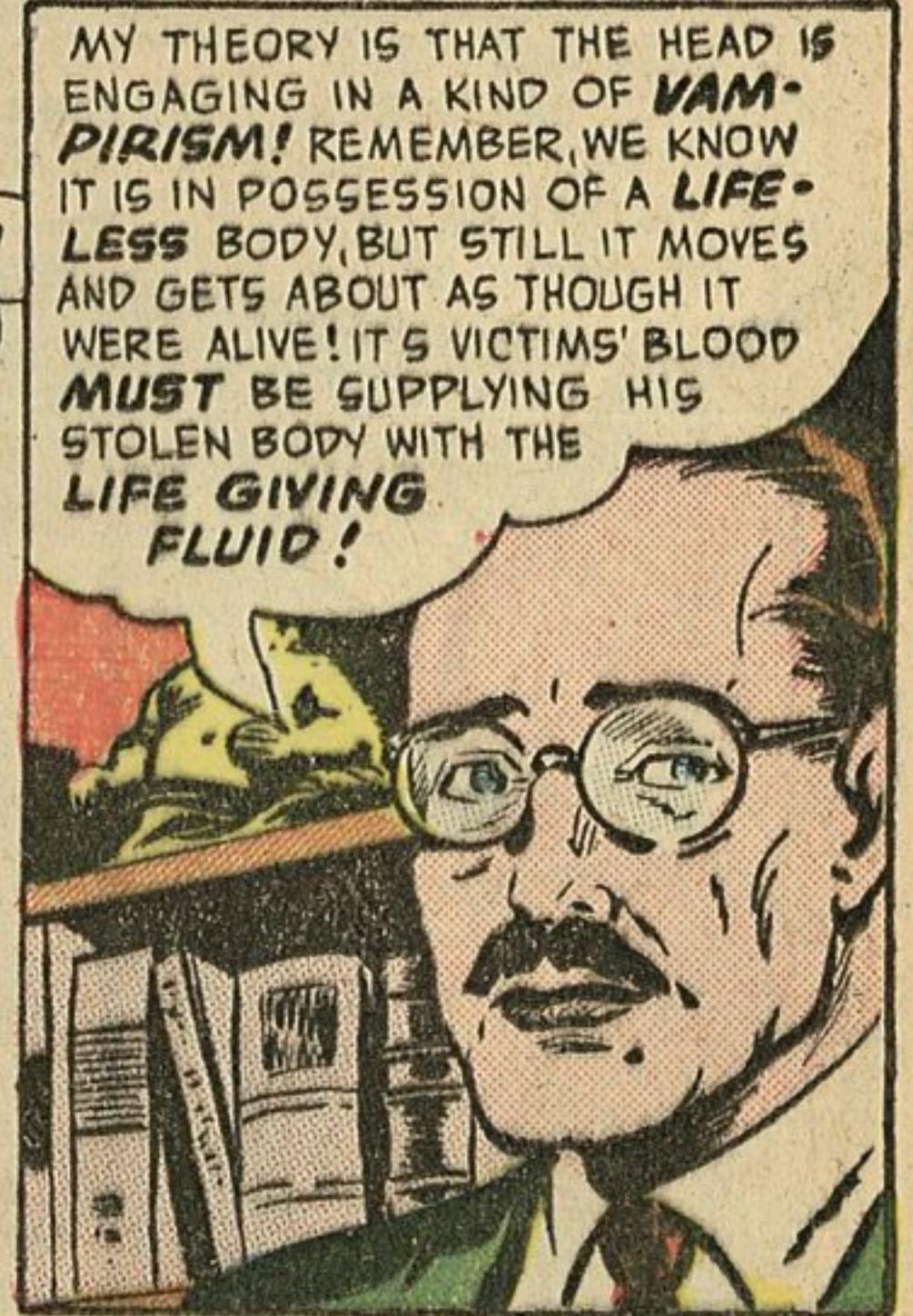
THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER KILLING---THE THIRD IN THREE DAYS! I'M CONVINCED IT'S THE WORK OF THAT MONSTROUS HEAD!

BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE, SIR?

BECAUSE OF THE CORONER'S REPORT, IN EACH INSTANCE THE VICTIM'S BODY WAS LEFT ASHEN WHITE... DRAINED!

HOW GHASTLY! B-BUT WHY?

MY THEORY IS THAT THE HEAD IS ENGAGING IN A KIND OF VAMPIRISM! REMEMBER, WE KNOW IT IS IN POSSESSION OF A LIFELESS BODY, BUT STILL IT MOVES AND GETS ABOUT AS THOUGH IT WERE ALIVE! IT'S VICTIMS' BLOOD MUST BE SUPPLYING HIS STOLEN BODY WITH THE LIFE GIVING FLUID!



THEN WE HAVE TO GO TO THE POLICE, DAD! WE CAN'T KEEP THIS THING A SECRET ANY LONGER!

NO, CAROL, THEY'D LAUGH AT US... TAKE US FOR CRACKPOTS! WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE!



IT'S SUICIDE TO  
FACE THAT THING  
ALONE...IT'S  
ALREADY CLAIMED  
THREE VICTIMS!

DON'T WORRY, I  
HAVE A PLAN! ALL  
THREE KILLINGS  
TOOK PLACE  
NEAR THE WATER-  
FRONT! THAT'S WHERE  
THE MONSTER IS  
**HIDING OUT**,  
AND THAT'S WHERE  
I'M GOING!

DARLING,  
WAIT! TAKE  
ME WITH  
YOU!

YOU STAY HERE,  
CAROL! I'M MANAG-  
ING THIS **ALONE**!

BUT A SHORT WHILE LATER...

CAROL...  
WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING?  
**COME  
BACK!**

I'M GOING AFTER  
HIM! I DON'T CARE  
WHAT HAPPENS,  
HE'S **NOT** GOING  
TO FIGHT THAT  
MONSTER BY  
HIMSELF!

LATER, AS CAROL PARKED ALONG THE  
DESERTED WATERFRONT...

NO SIGN OF EVAN ANYWHERE!  
I'LL HAVE TO TRY LOOKING  
FOR HIM ON FOOT! HE  
MAY BE OUT ON THE  
DOCK!

HMM, IT'S **DESERTED**!  
BUT HE MUST HAVE COME  
HERE! IT'S THE ONLY...  
OH! --THAT  
SHADOW...

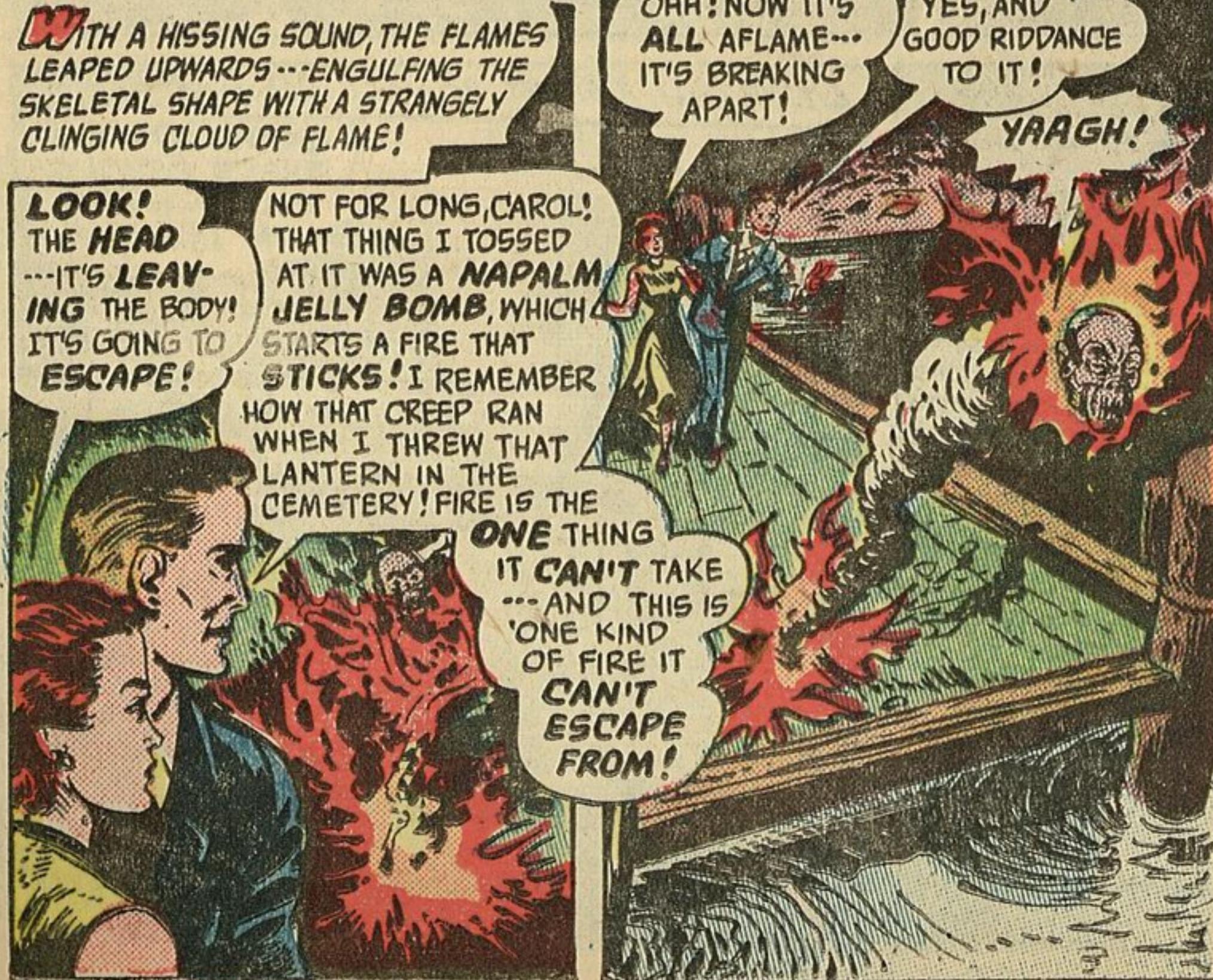
Then, THE SPECTRAL HANDS OF...  
**DEATH**!

AHHH-  
HHH!

AND ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE OFF...

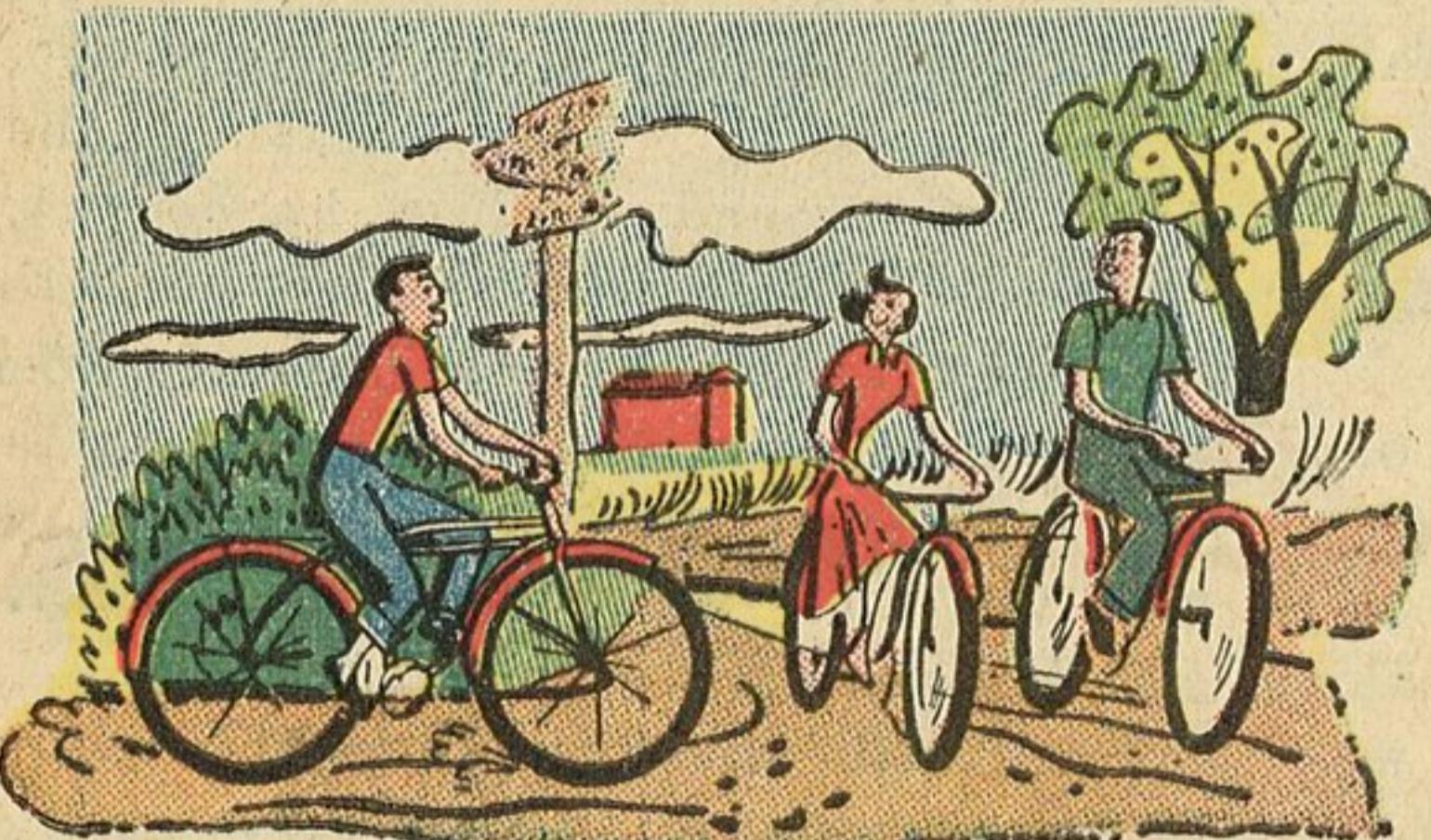
HELP!  
HELP!

GOOD LORD!  
THAT'S CAROL'S  
VOICE... SHE'S  
IN TROUBLE!

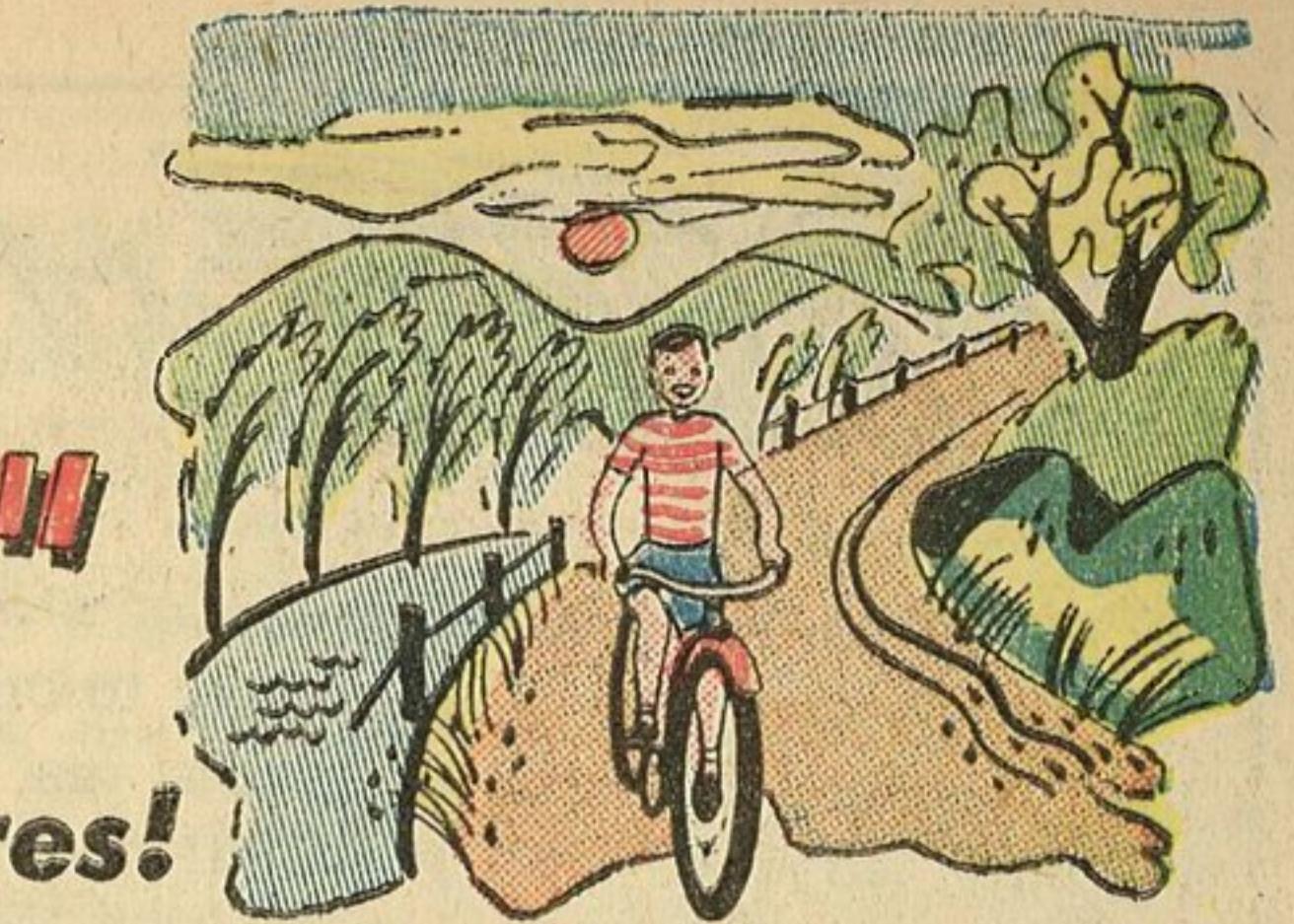


# "CHAIN REACTION"

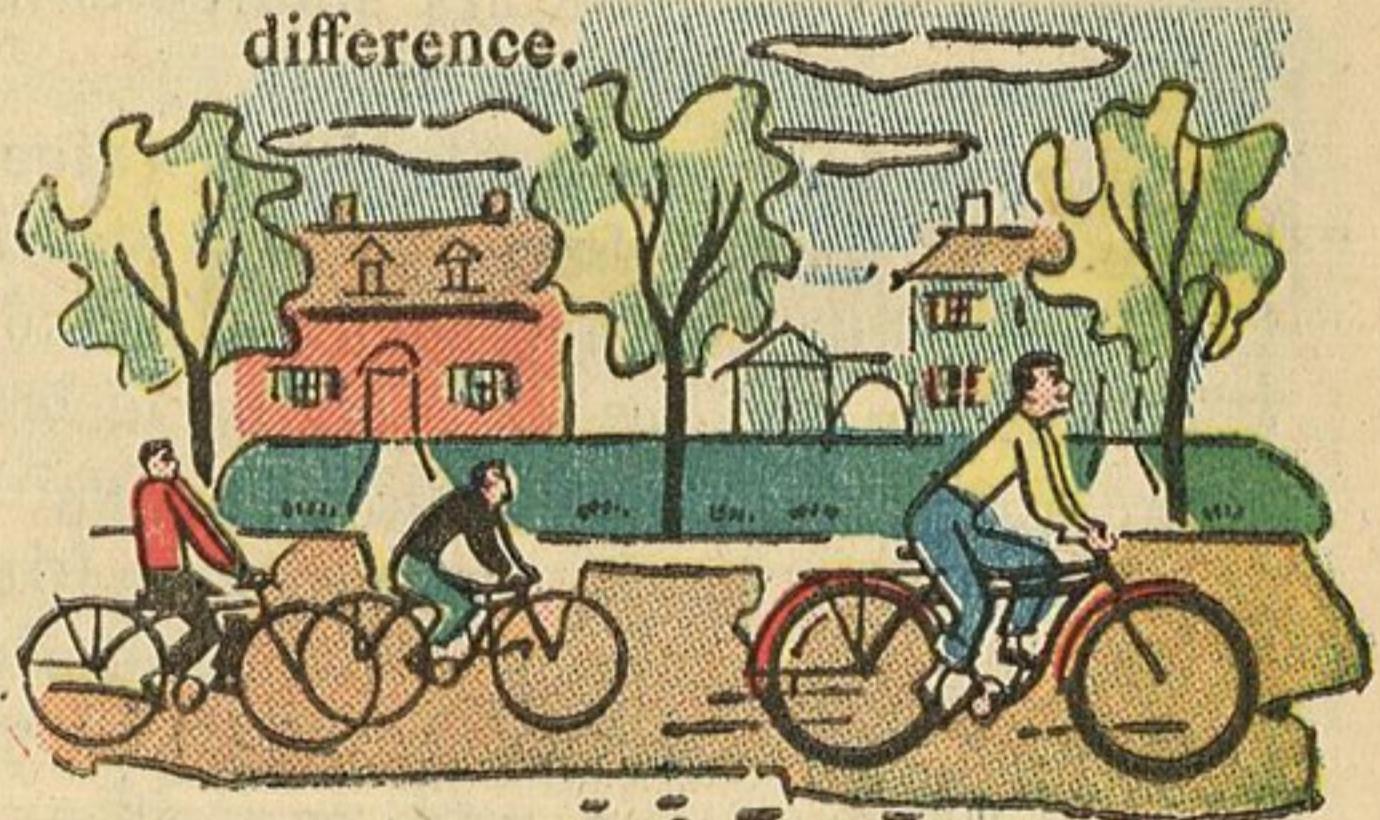
**with U. S. Royal Chain Tires!**



**Touch the brake**—feel those "built-in skid chains" really grip... stop you on a dime!



**Touch the handle bars**—you get "pin-point" steering control from the U. S. Royal Chain Tread! You really feel the difference.



**Touch the pedal**—your built-in skid chains dig in—give real traction for quicker get-aways.



*Now it can happen  
to your bike with*

**U.S. ROYAL  
CHAIN  
BICYCLE TIRES**

*with the original "built-in skid chain"*

**UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY**

1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

# *OUT* of the **NIGHT**

ONLY A MAN with nerves of steel, such as myself, ought ever to commit murder," thought Herzen, as he listened to the wind roar outside the window of his lonely mansion. His business partner had been buried several days before, the purple marks of strangulation still visible, and now, he had only to maintain his studied calm... and he would be in the clear.

But it was strange how the voice of the wind had a low, ominous quality, and how the bare branches lashed against the window as if trying to break in...to get at him. "Bah!" he said aloud. "What am I...a child to be frightened by every sound? No, I am Fritz Herzen, with nerves of steel, a man who has planned and carried out a profitable murder...and then laughed in the faces of the stupid police! Ha! A few weeks more and all this will be forgotten, and I'll begin to enjoy the money. Meanwhile, I remain here, away from prying eyes!"

He snapped off the light and settled under the covers. Perhaps it would have been wiser to have at least a single servant in the house, if only for company. But no, that would be an admission of weakness. Besides, there was nothing to be afraid of. "I must put disturbing thoughts from my mind," he mumbled aloud again. "Sleep...rest...I need rest..." But rest did not come. He tossed, turned, saw again the face of his victim as it blackened under his iron fingers. Herzen shuddered violently, and listened to the sound of the moaning wind, and the lashing of the bare branches against the wooden shutters. Suddenly, a pale, eerie light crept into the room. "Fool!" he hissed to himself, "I forgot to draw the curtains." He got up to pull the blinds, but could not help looking at

the black sky, with the dark clouds racing before the moon, and the trees cowering before the stiff wind. The surrounding moors seemed utterly bleak and desolate...frightening...and then...

"No...it...it must be my imagination, it...can't be!" He squinted at the shrubbery around the high hedgerows. Suddenly he had to throw his hand to his throat to prevent himself from screaming, for gliding out of the shadows was the caped figure of a man...a man the same size...the same build...as...*his victim!*

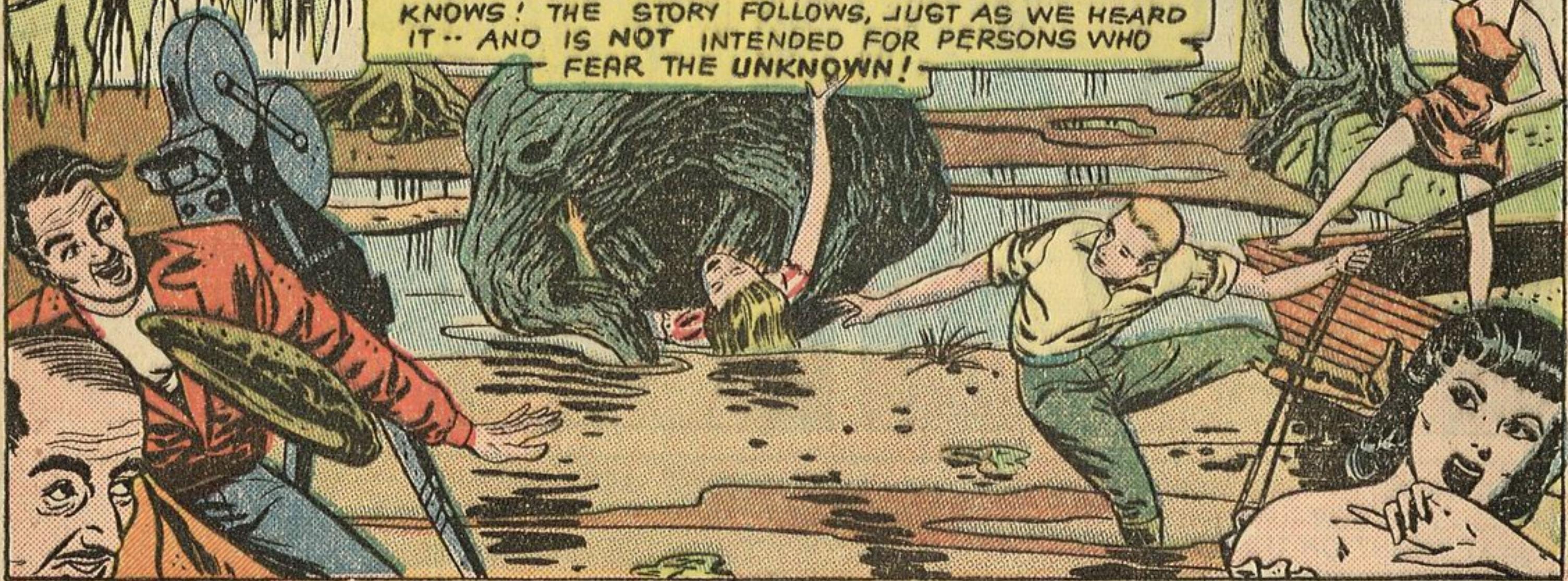
Bam! Bam! He gasped as the reverberations echoed through the empty house. "N...no! It...it's a hallucination! He's dead...I killed him...I saw him buried!" Herzen grabbed the gun he kept at his bedside and dashed out of his room, down the flight of stairs, as the knocking on the door became louder. Three steps from the door he stopped, and listened...but all was silence, except for the throbbing of his heart and the splatter of the sudden, driving rain. He waited...waited, and then, when he saw the caped figure loom at the window, suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning, he fired...until his gun was empty. He felt something snap in his brain. He had to get away, out of the house...or he would go mad! He bolted through the door, into the driving rain, and began to run, wildly, not knowing where he was going, or why. But he knew only that he had to get away. He felt himself drenched to the skin, chilled, breathing hard...and finally, when everything suddenly began to spin before him, he collapsed, face down in a pool of water, aware only of the screaming wind, the rain, and the mingled voices of the forest. Then he was aware of nothing.

He was quite dead when the police found him the next morning.

# BRIDE of the SWAMP MONSTER

REPORT FROM HOLLYWOOD. HOLLYWOOD.. THIS LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE WAS HORRIFIED RECENTLY TO HEAR A STORY THAT MIGHT HAVE COME FROM THE MIND OF ITS MOST IMAGINATIVE SCENARIO WRITER! BUT WHAT MAKES THIS TALE SO UTTERLY TERRIFYING IS THAT IT HAPPENED TO THE VERY STARS AMERICA KNOWS! THE STORY FOLLOWS, JUST AS WE HEARD IT.. AND IS NOT INTENDED FOR PERSONS WHO FEAR THE UNKNOWN!

IT'S-- THE SWAMP MONSTER!

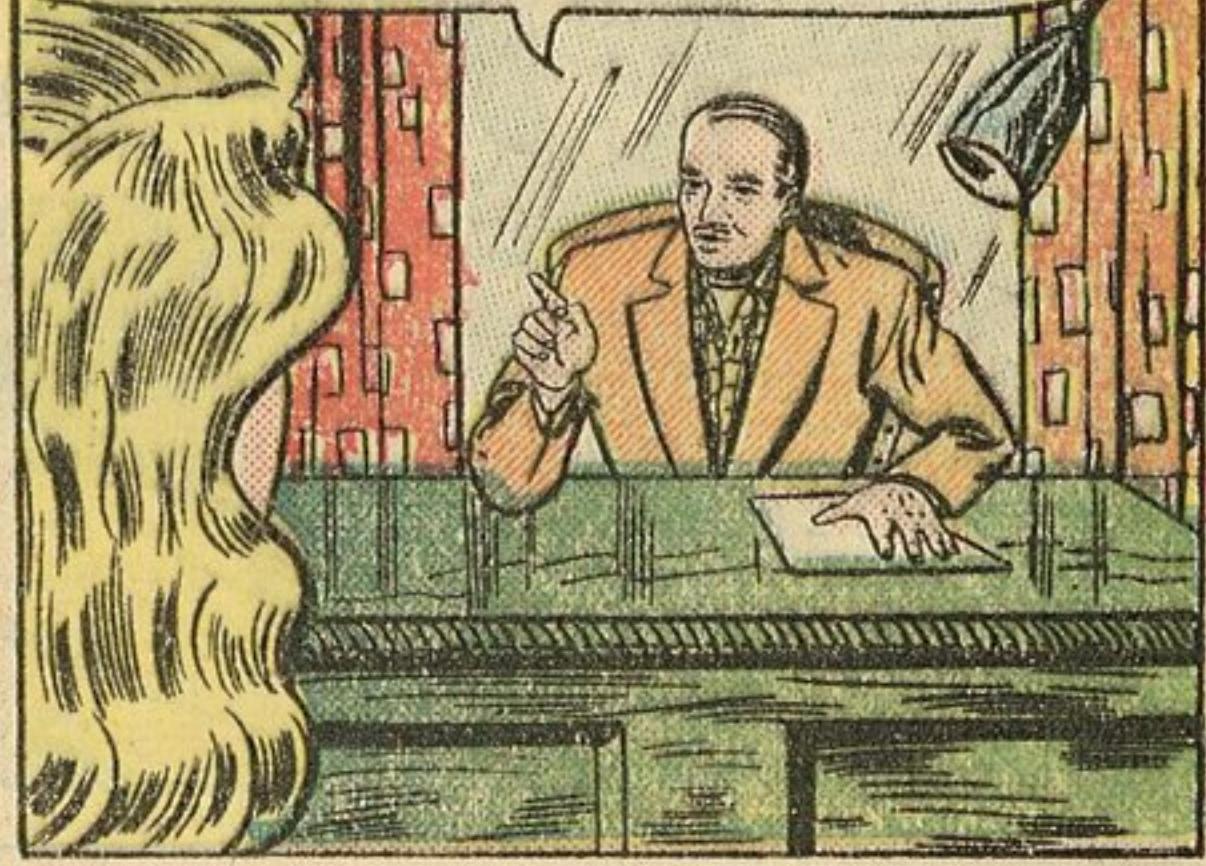


IT ALL STARTED A FEW MONTHS AGO, WHEN JIM LONG, FAMOUS DIRECTOR, CALLED MOVIE STARS LANCE CARSON AND LOLA MANN INTO HIS OFFICE ...

LOLA, I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU YOUR BIG CHANCE.. I'M STAR-RING YOU IN A PICTURE WITH LANCE HERE! SINCE YOU'RE ALSO HIS FIANCÉE, THE PUBLICITY WILL BE GREAT!

MR. LONG.. HOW WONDER-FUL!

... AND HERE'S A CHANCE FOR EVEN BETTER PUBLICITY! THE PICTURE'S CALLED "THE SWAMP MAIDEN"! IT'LL BE MADE IN THE PLACE WHERE YOU WERE BORN AND RAISED-- THE DISMAL SWAMP OF VIRGINIA!



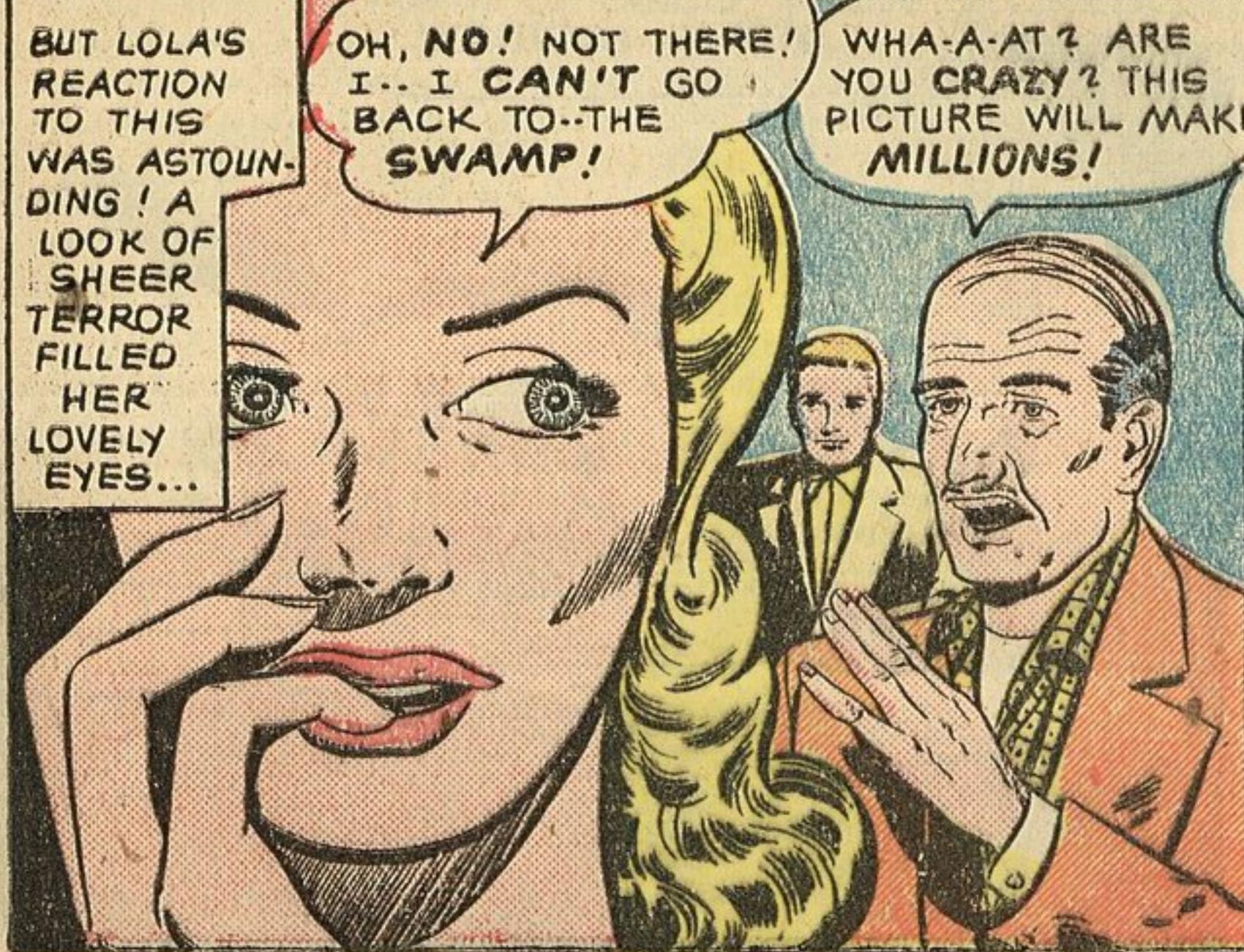
BUT LOLA'S REACTION TO THIS WAS ASTOUNDING! A LOOK OF SHEER TERROR FILLED HER LOVELY EYES...

OH, NO! NOT THERE! I.. I CAN'T GO BACK TO--THE SWAMP!

WHA-A-AT? ARE YOU CRAZY? THIS PICTURE WILL MAKE MILLIONS!

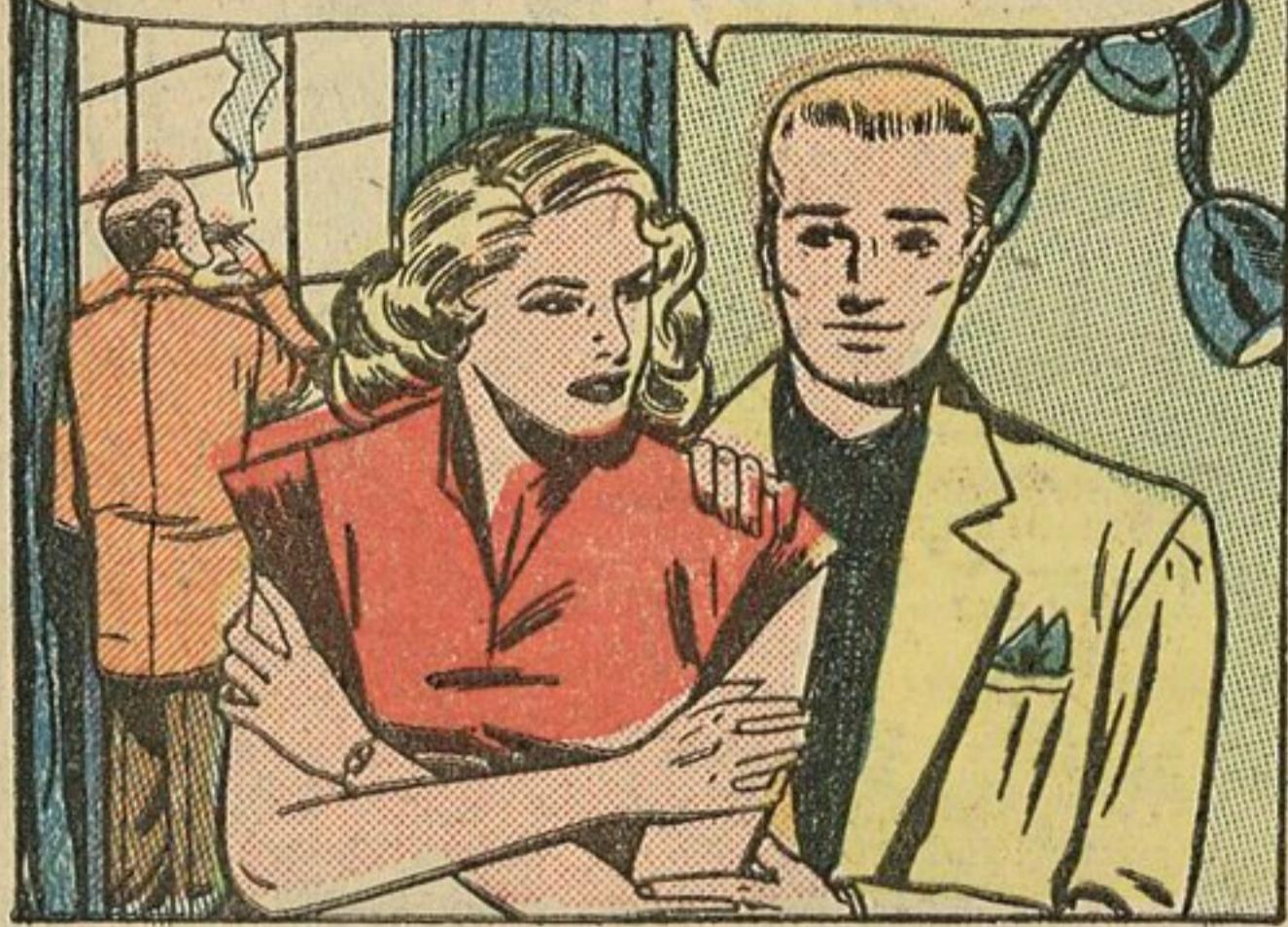
LOOK.. YOU'RE NOT WRECKING MY PLANS! EITHER YOU PLAY ALONG WITH US, OR IT'S NO STARRING ROLE FOR YOU! NO CONTRACT! YOU'LL LOSE EVERYTHING!

THAT'S BETTER THAN LOSING.. MY LIFE!



LANCE TRIED TO REASON WITH HIS SWEET-HEART--LITTLE KNOWING THAT HE WOULD REGRET IT--FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!

DARLING.. GO WITH US! THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT SWAMP TO BE AFRAID OF--NOT WITH ME AT YOUR SIDE! AFTER ALL, THIS IS 20TH CENTURY AMERICA!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO--BECAUSE I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I'M A SILLY LITTLE FOOL! BUT I KNOW SOMETHING AWFUL IS GOING TO HAPPEN!

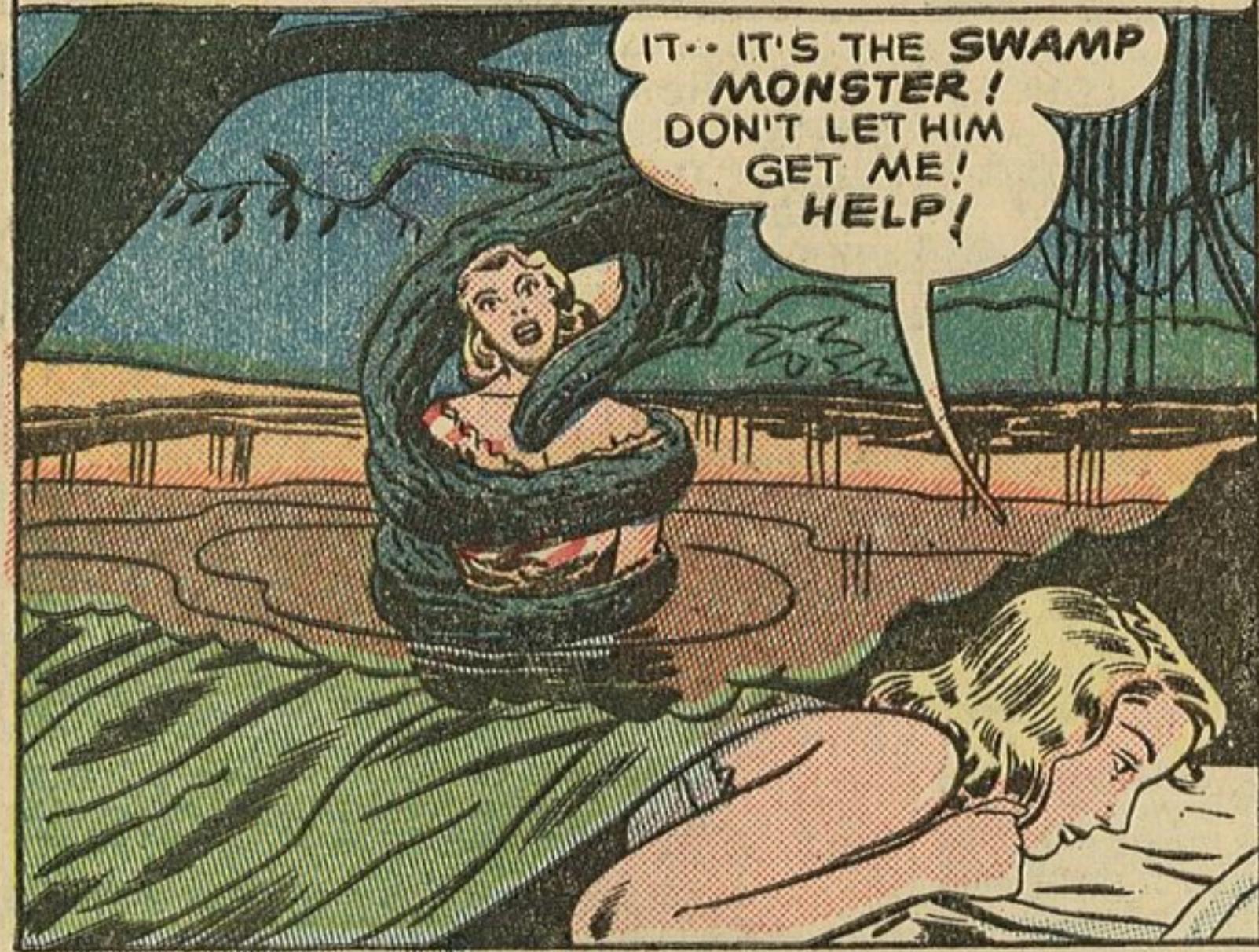
GOOD GIRL!

WE'LL LEAVE TOMORROW!



AND THUS, IN THIS GLAMOROUS SETTING--THE SCENE WAS LAID FOR.. HORROR! THE FIRST HINT CAME NEXT NIGHT ON THE TRAIN SPEEDING EASTWARD--

IT.. IT'S THE SWAMP MONSTER!  
DON'T LET HIM GET ME!  
HELP!



LOLA, DEAR--  
WHAT'S WRONG?

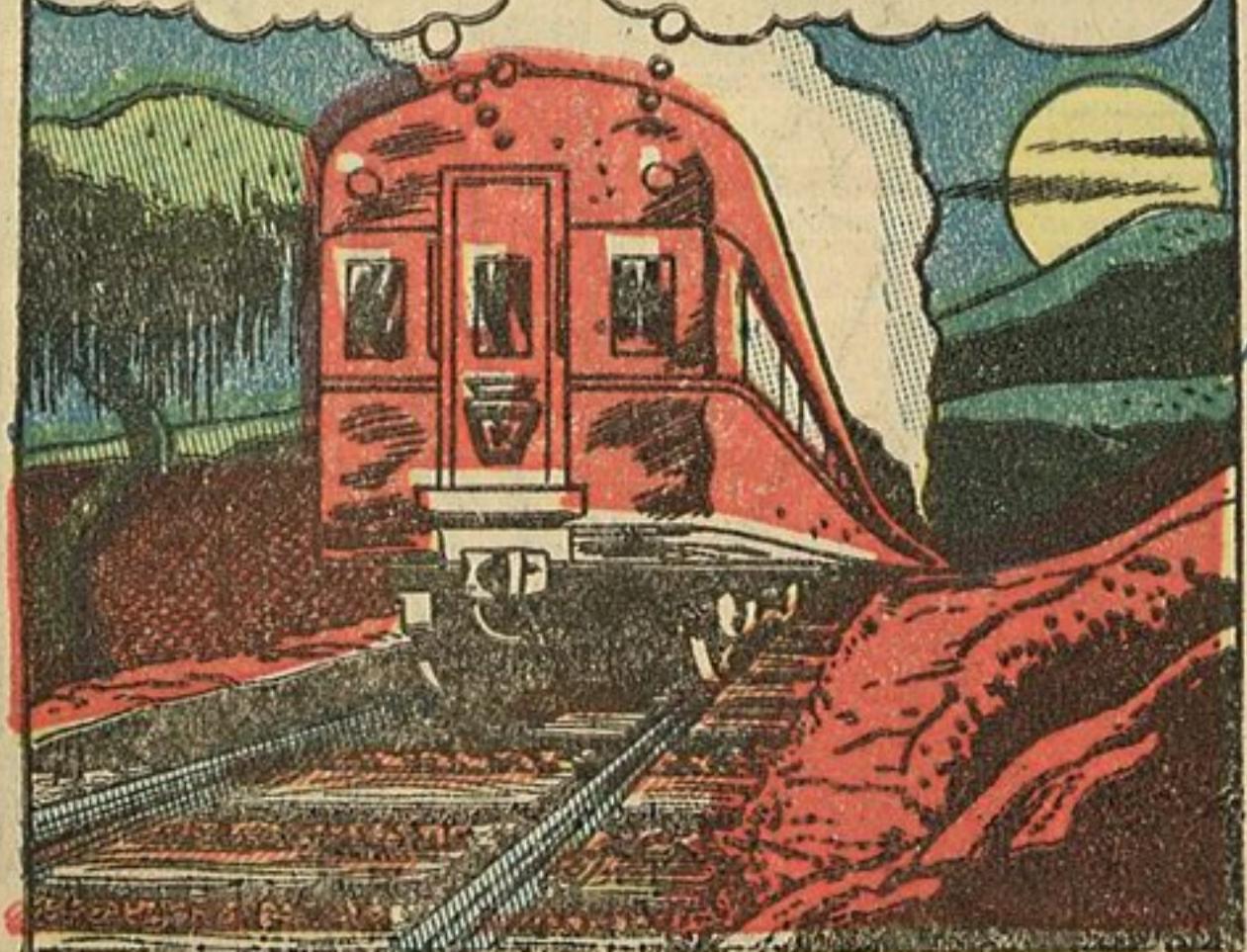
I.. IT'S NOTHING,  
LANCE--JUST A  
NIGHTMARE!  
SORRY TO--  
SCARE  
YOU--



AND AS THE TRAIN SPED THROUGH THE NIGHT, SLEEP, FOR TWO OF ITS PASSENGERS, WAS ENDED...

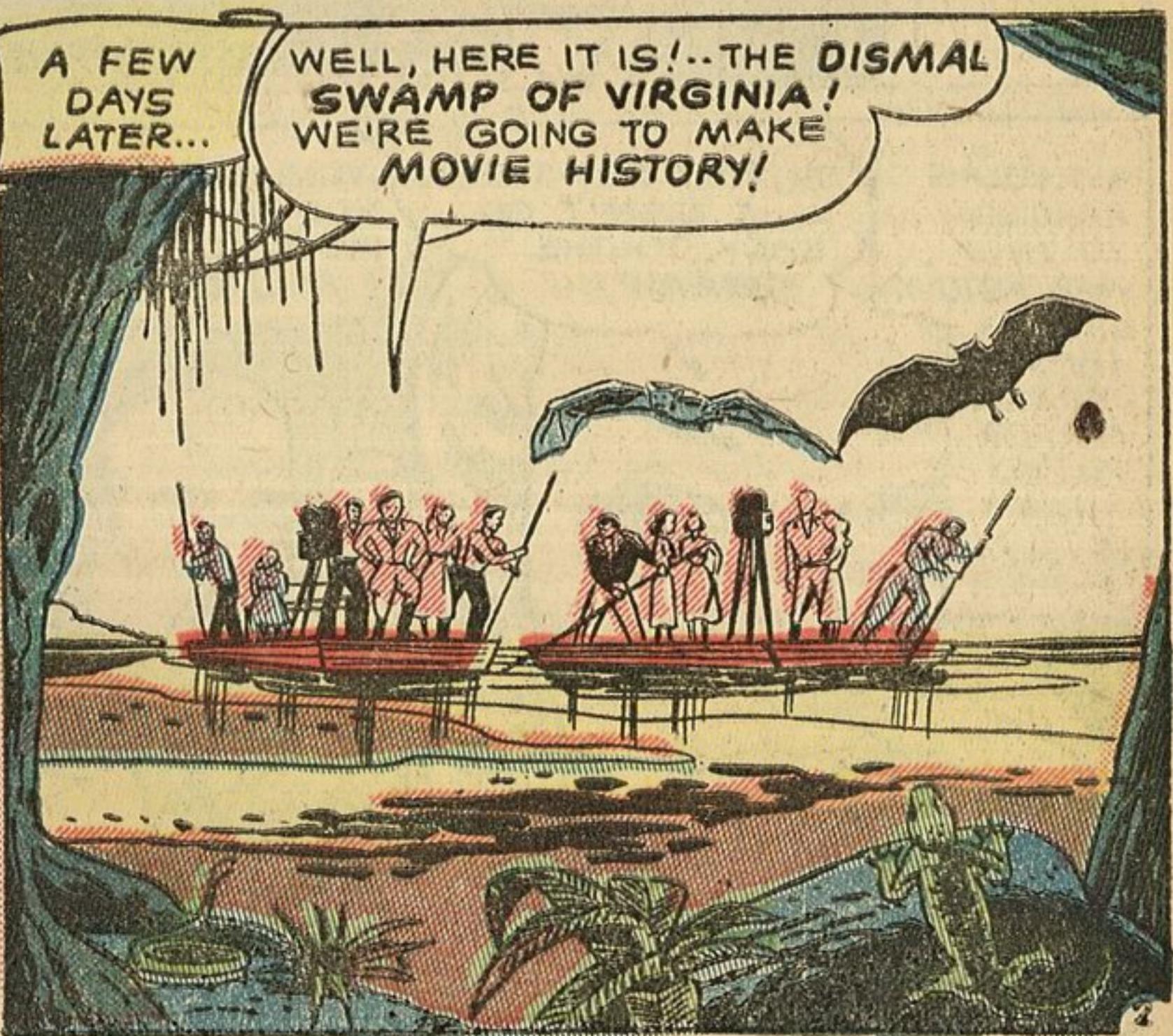
I.. I CAN'T TELL THEM THE TRUTH!  
THEY'LL THINK I'M INSANE!

SHE WAS SHAKING WITH HORROR! MAY BE MORE TO THIS THAN I THOUGHT!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

WELL, HERE IT IS!--THE DISMAL SWAMP OF VIRGINIA!  
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE MOVIE HISTORY!

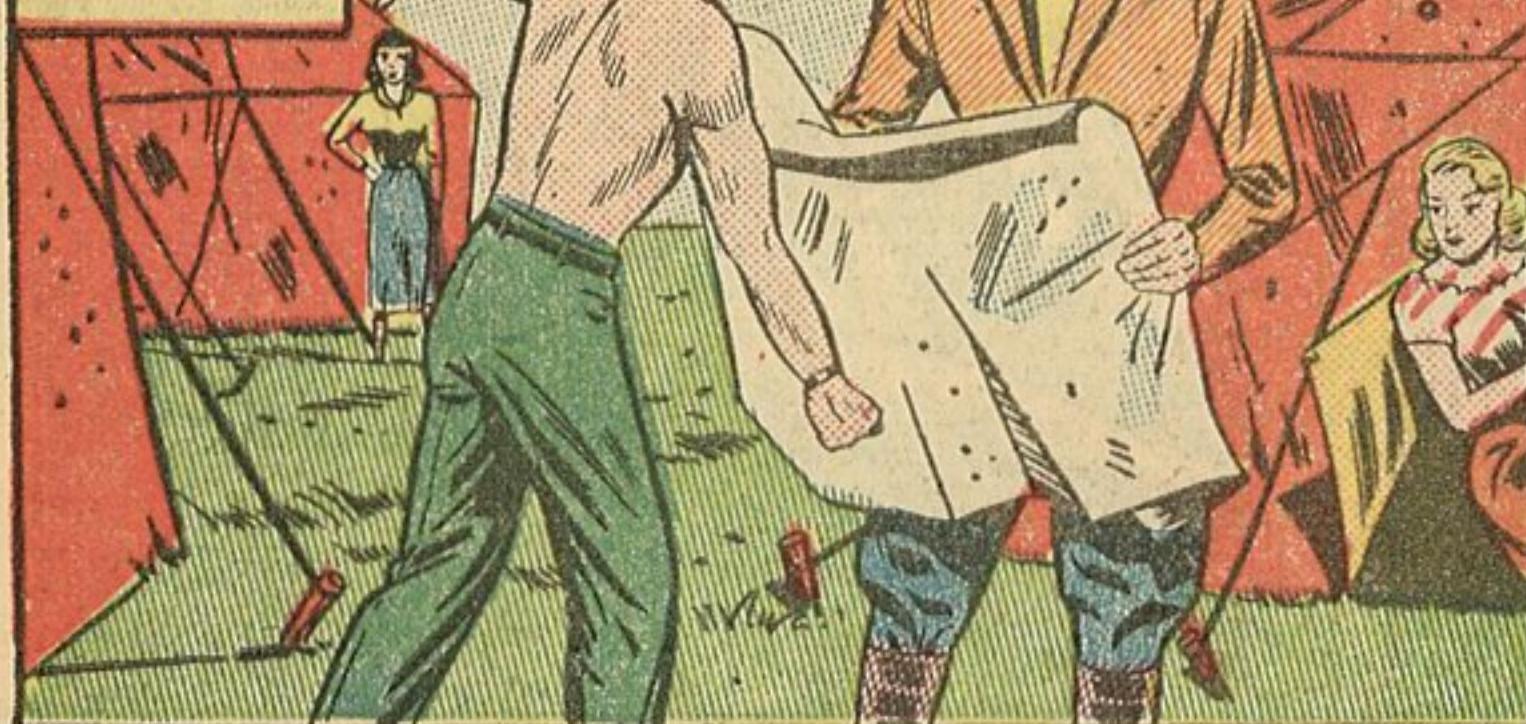


DAY AFTER DAY, THE LITTLE COMPANY PUSHED ON TOWARD THE HEART OF THE SWAMP! THEN, ONE MORNING...

MR. LONG, OUR GUIDES HAVE DESERTED! THEY SAY IT'S FORBIDDEN COUNTRY FROM HERE ON!

THEN WE'LL GO ON WITHOUT THEM! THIS MAP WILL GUIDE US!

I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN!



AT LAST--THEIR DESTINATION!

THIS IS IT! WE'LL SET UP CAMP AND SHOOT THE PICTURE ON THAT ISLAND AHEAD!



NO -- NOT THAT ISLAND! WE--WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS PART OF THE SWAMP!

EASY, BABY.. EASY!

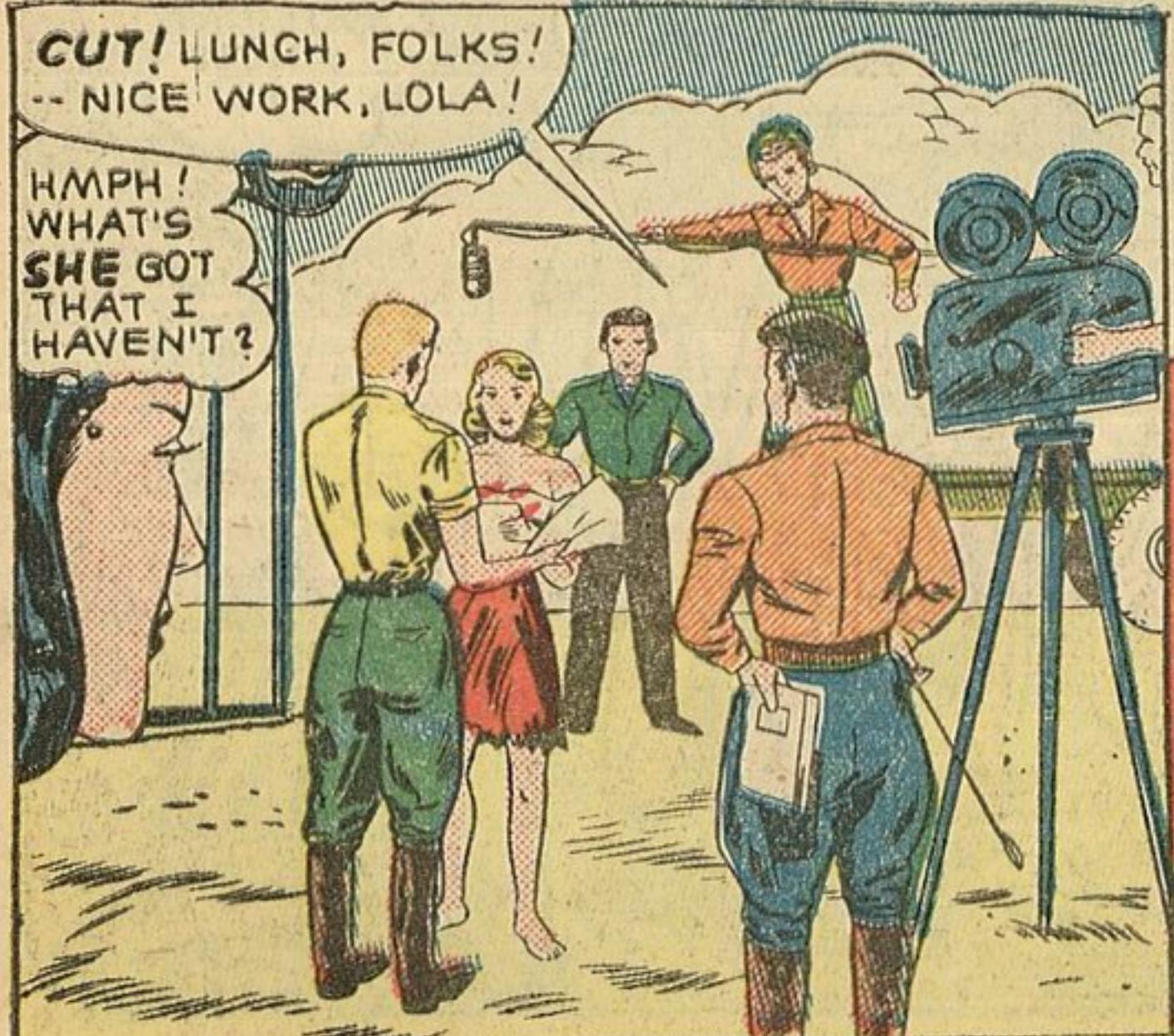
IT'S THE ONLY SOLID LAND AROUND HERE--SORRY, LOLA!



AND NOW, CAMP WAS MADE AND THE CAMERAS BEGAN GRINDING! FOR A FEW DAYS, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE AWFUL TRAGEDY THAT, EVEN THEN, WAS IN THE MAKING...

CUT! LUNCH, FOLKS!  
-- NICE WORK, LOLA!

HMPH!  
WHAT'S  
SHE GOT  
THAT I  
HAVEN'T?



THE TROUBLE STARTED WHEN HILARY GLEN, LOLA'S STAND-IN, DREW JIM ASIDE...

LOOK, JIM, LOLA'S TOO SCARED TO ACT-- SHE'S LOSING HER BEAUTY DAY BY DAY! LET ME PLAY THE PART!

UH, UH, HILARY!  
THAT FRIGHTENED LOOK IS WHAT I WANT! NO ONE COULD ACT THAT WELL!



BUT HILARY WAS NOT TO BE OUTDONE! VICIOUSLY, SHE PLANNED HER CAMPAIGN TO REMOVE LOLA...

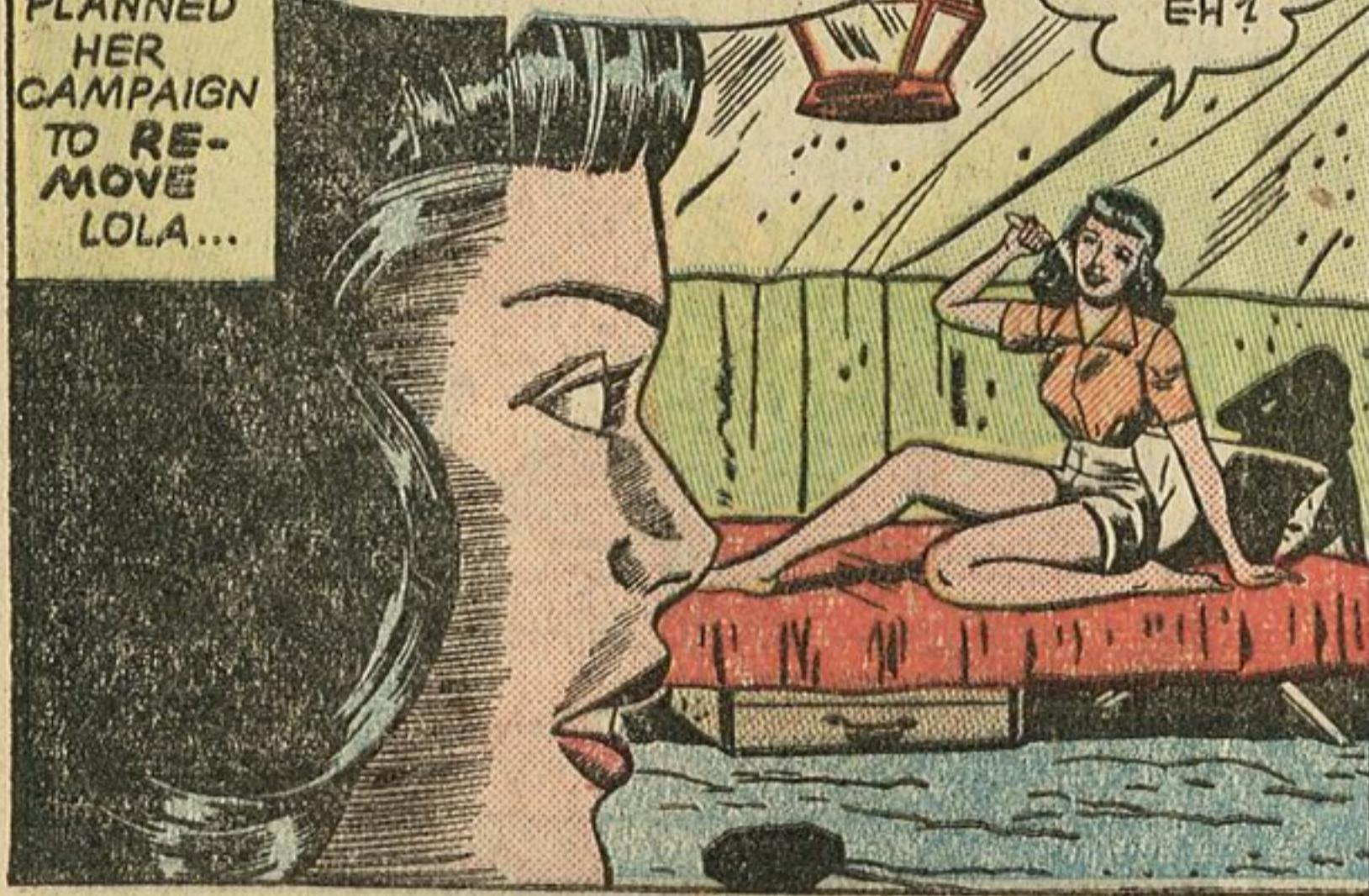
Y' KNOW, PEG-- LOLA IS AFRAID OF SOMETHING IN THIS SWAMP! IF SHE BECAME FRIGHTENED ENOUGH TO HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN-- I'D BE THE STAR!

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND PICTURES, EH?

LATE THAT NIGHT...

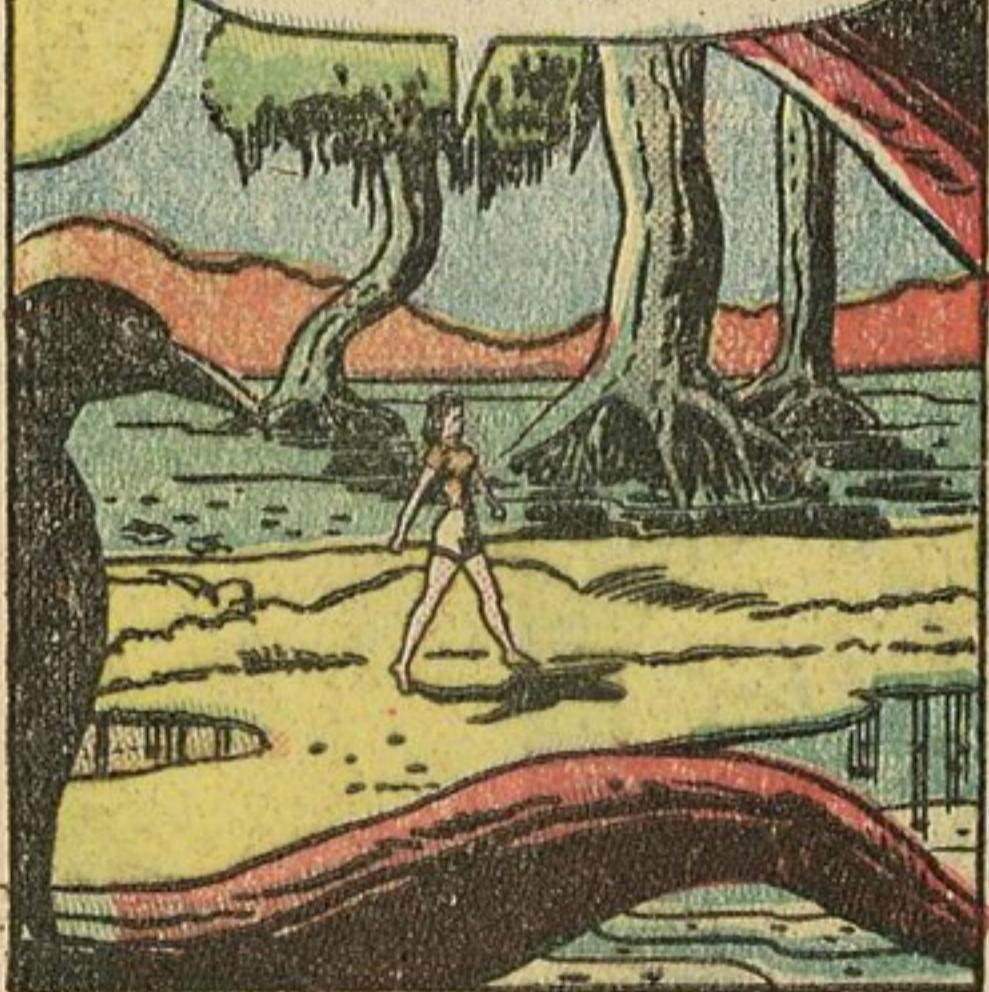
PSST-- PEG! I'M GOING OUT FOR AWHILE-- DON'T BE SURPRISED AT ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS!

OKAY-- JUST DON'T GET LOST IN THE SWAMP!



QUIETLY, HILARY MADE HER WAY INTO THE SWAMP, ENVY AND JEALOUSY OVERCOMING HER FEAR...

I'LL JUST SCREAM A FEW TIMES! THAT SHOULD SCARE LOLA HALF TO DEATH!



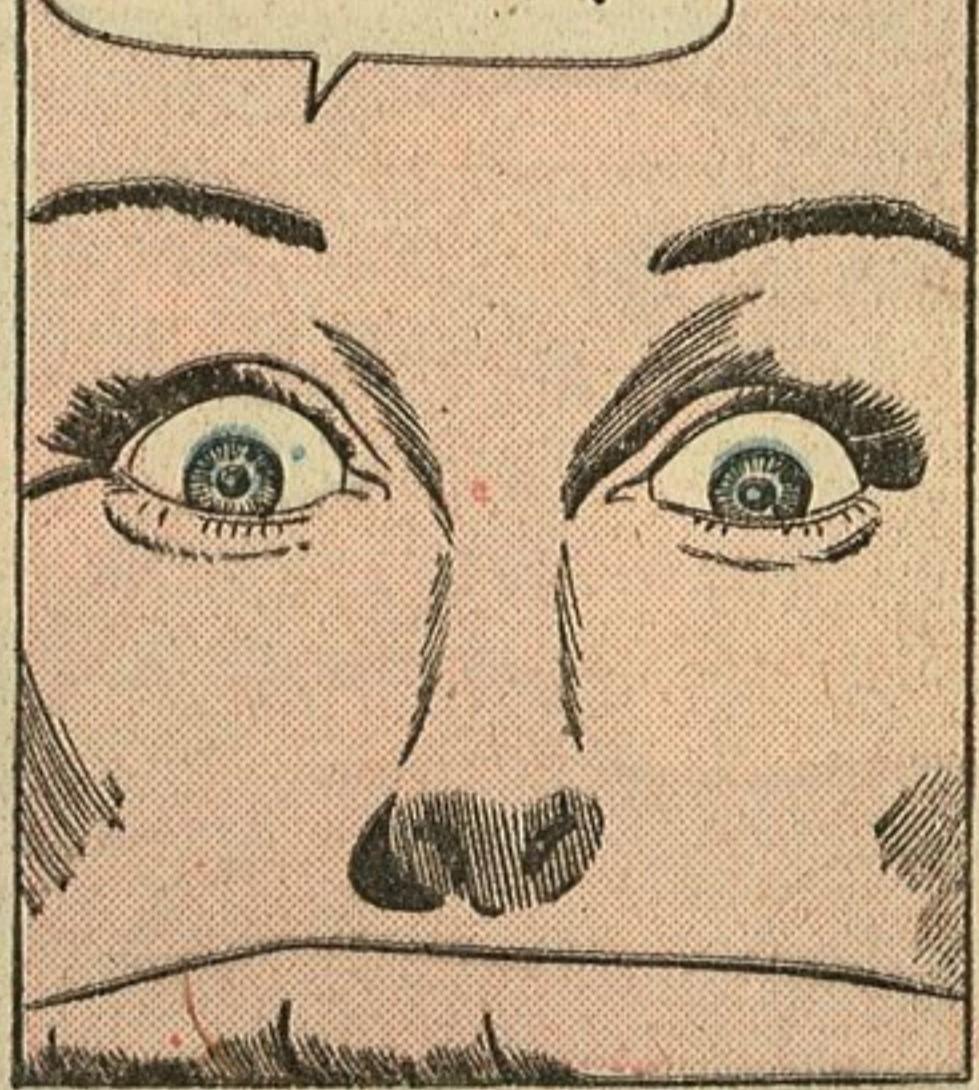
BUT THEN, AS THE MOON VANISHED BEHIND A CLOUD-- DISASTER!

MY FOOT'S CAUGHT IN A ROOT! I-- CAN'T MOVE!



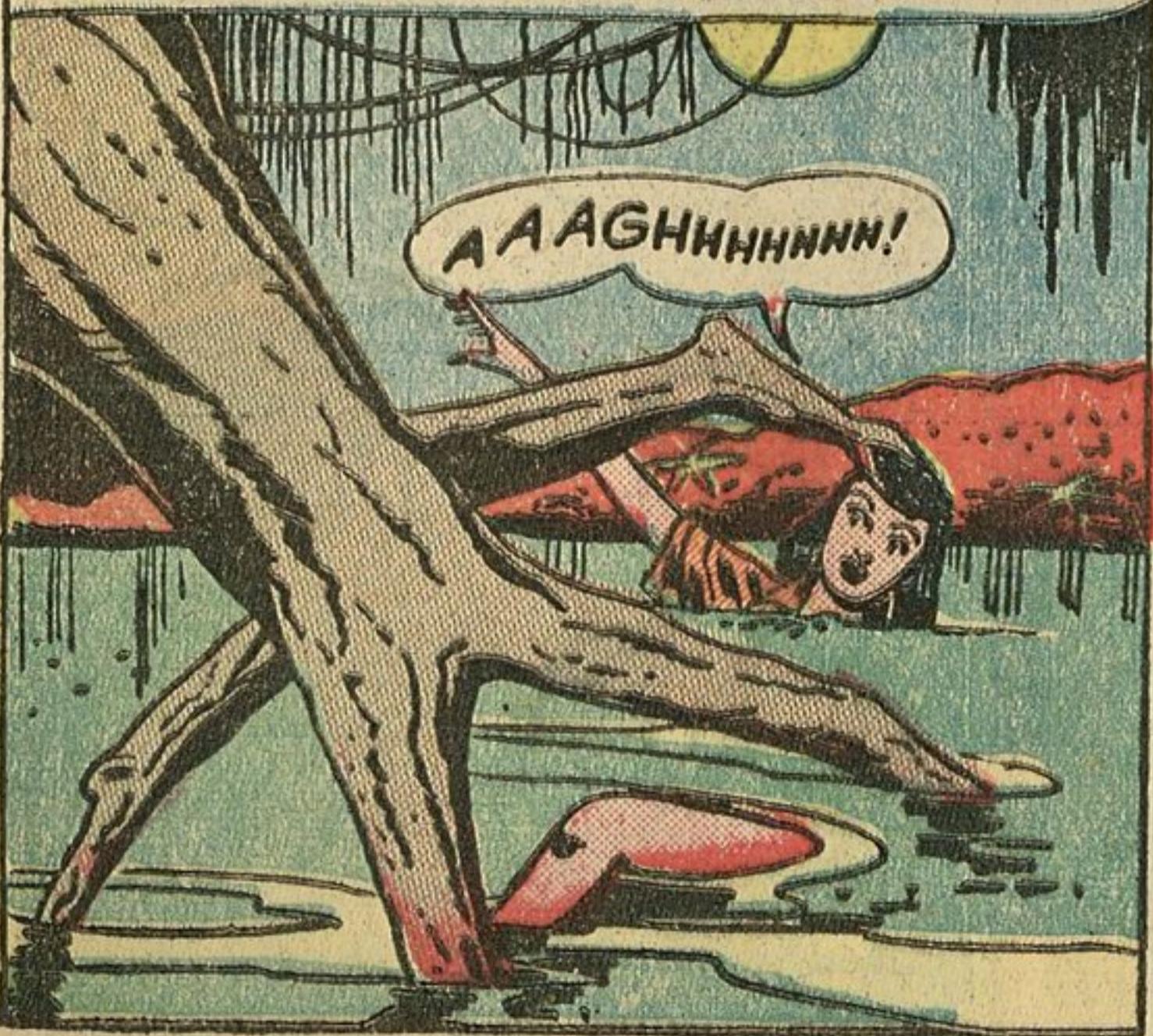
AND WHEN A STRANGE NOISE CAUSED THE GIRL TO LOOK UP, SHE SAW-- DEATH!

IT'S MOVING! IT'S ALIVE! NO-- NO! HELP!



EMERGING, THE MOON LOOKED DOWN ON A GRISLY SCENE!

AAAAGHHHHHHH!



NOT FAR AWAY, THE CAMP WAS AROUSED BY HILARY'S SCREAMS...

WHAT WAS THAT?

IS EVERYBODY HERE? WHERE'S HILARY?

THE SWAMP MONSTER'S GOT HER-- I KNOW IT!



AT LOLA'S WORDS,  
AN ICY CHILL  
OF PANIC  
FLOWED  
THROUGH  
EVERY  
HEART...

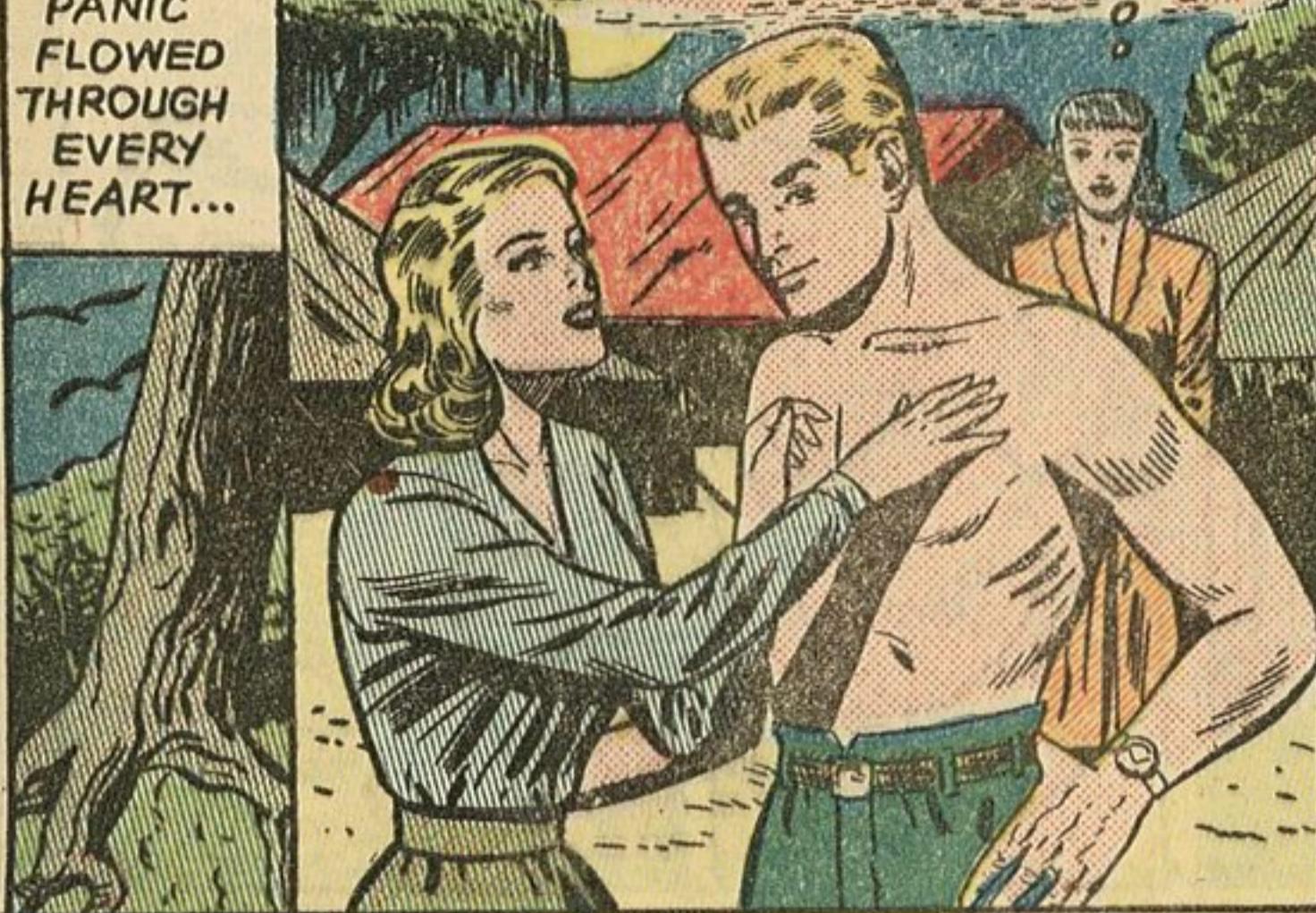
LANCE--WE MUST LEAVE THE SWAMP--  
AT ONCE -- OR THE MONSTER WILL  
GET ALL OF US!

THIS HAS  
GONE FAR  
ENOUGH!

LISTEN, EVERYBODY,  
RELAX! THIS WAS  
JUST HILARY PLAYING  
A JOKE --  
AT LOLA'S EXPENSE!

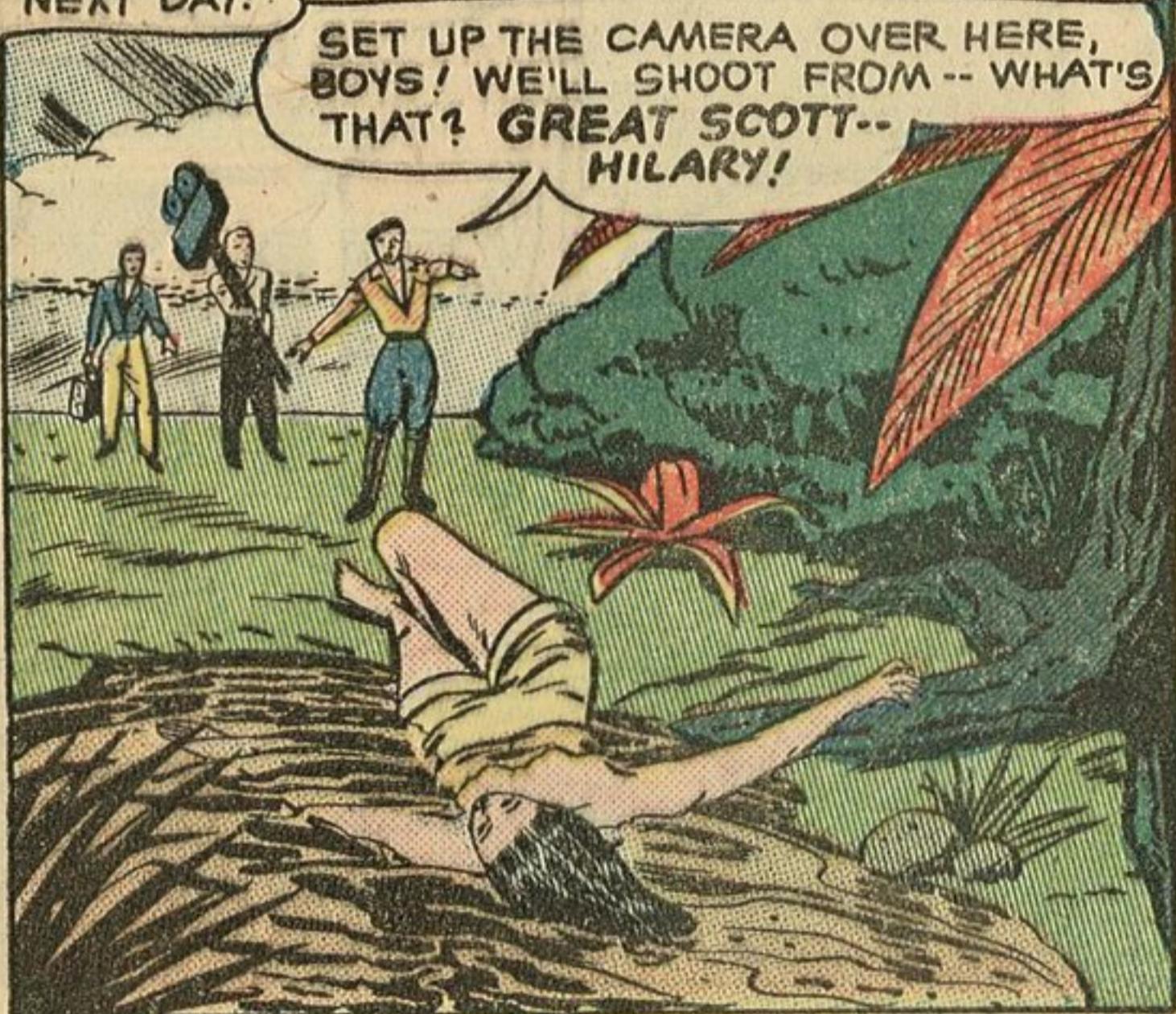
THERE!  
YOU SEE,  
BABY?  
YOU'RE  
IMAGINING  
THINGS!

OKAY, BACK TO  
BED, FOLKS!  
I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF  
HILARY  
IN THE  
MORNING!



OH, NO, JIM! HILARY WAS ALREADY TAKEN CARE  
OF-- AS YOU FOUND OUT WHEN YOU STARTED WORK  
NEXT DAY!

SET UP THE CAMERA OVER HERE,  
BOYS! WE'LL SHOOT FROM -- WHAT'S  
THAT? GREAT SCOTT--  
HILARY!



NOTHING-- HUMAN  
COULD HAVE DONE  
THAT TO HER!

IT WAS-- THE SWAMP  
MONS -- OHHH!

SHE'S  
FAINTED!



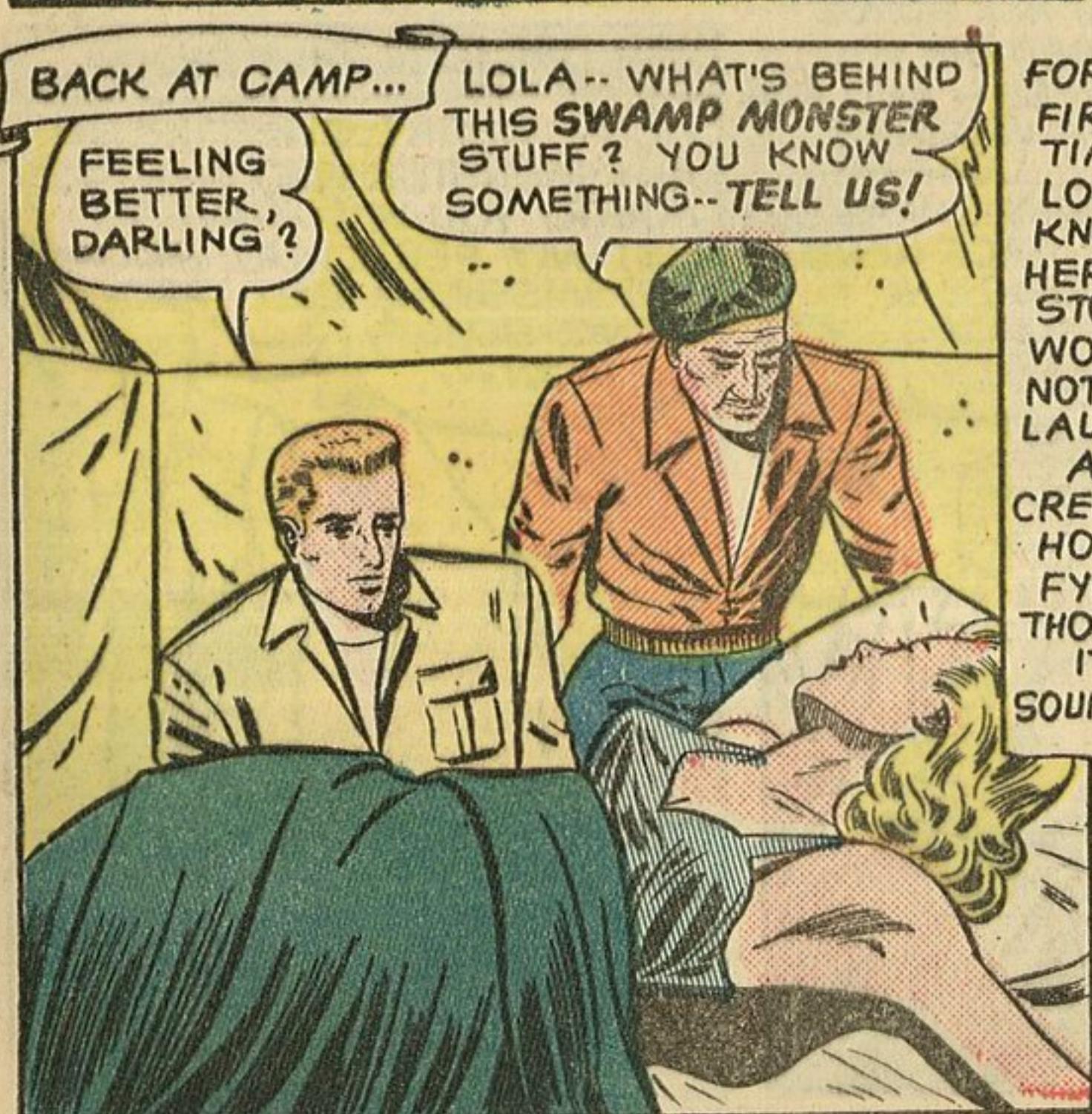
BACK AT CAMP...

FEELING  
BETTER,  
DARLING?

LOLA-- WHAT'S BEHIND  
THIS SWAMP MONSTER  
STUFF? YOU KNOW  
SOMETHING-- TELL US!

FOR THE  
FIRST  
TIME,  
LOLA  
KNEW  
HER  
STORY  
WOULD  
NOT BE  
LAUGHED  
AT, IN-  
CREDIBLY  
HORR-  
FYING  
THOUGH  
IT  
SOUNDED!

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, HERE IN THIS  
VERY SWAMP, MY GRANDMOTHER USED  
TO TELL ME FRIGHTENING TALES ABOUT  
THE MONSTER! AT FIRST, I DIDN'T  
BELIEVE THEM...



"... ONE DAY I LEARNED THE LEGEND THAT WAS TO HAUNT ME ALL MY LIFE..."

"... AND EVERY GENERATION THE MONSTER CHOOSES A BRIDE FROM AMONG THE SWAMP GIRLS!"

G-GOSH, GRANNY!

THE LAST BRIDE WAS--YOUR MOTHER! IT HAPPENED JUST AFTER YOU WERE BORN-- YOUR FATHER WAS KILLED TRYING TO SAVE HER!

"AS I GREW OLDER, I BEGAN TO LAUGH AT GRANNY'S SCAREY STORIES-- UNTIL MY 16<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY! AS I STARTED OUT TO SCHOOL..."

WHAT'S THIS STRANGE STUMP DOING HERE?  
IT WASN'T HERE LAST NIGHT!

OH, NO! IT'S THE SIGN! LOLA--  
YOU'VE BEEN CHOSEN--BY THE SWAMP MONSTER!  
YOU'RE TO BE HIS NEXT BRIDE!

"AT THAT MOMENT, COLD TERROR STOLE OVER ME-- AND I BELIEVED THE LEGEND! I KNEW I HAD TO LEAVE THE SWAMP!"

'BYE, GRANNY...  
I'LL WRITE...  
NO, CHILD--  
YOU'LL BE BACK!

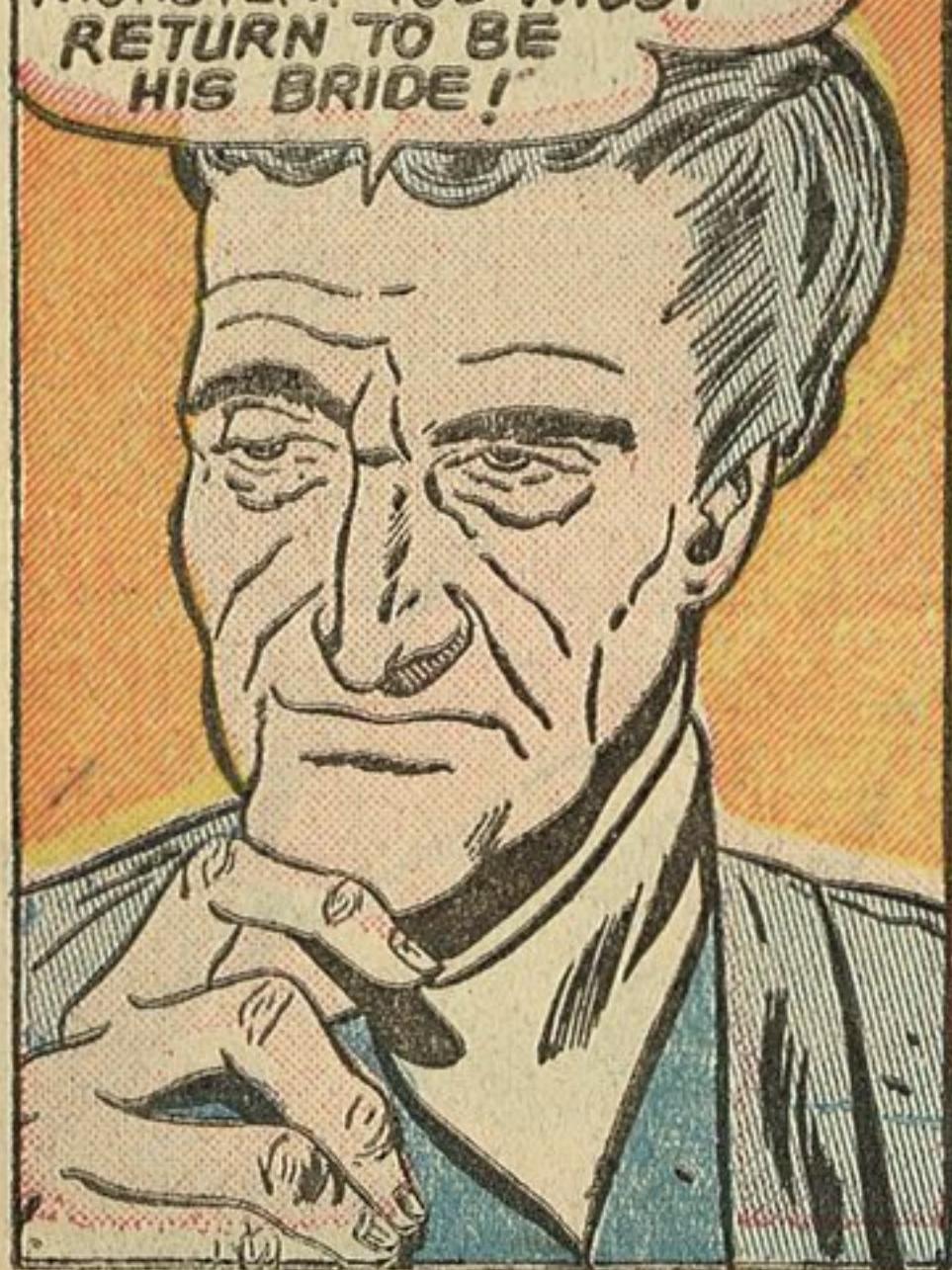
ONCE CHOSEN, YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE THE SWAMP MONSTER! YOU MUST RETURN TO BE HIS BRIDE!

"I WAS AGHAST AT HER WORDS!  
BUT-- I WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD,  
BECAME AN ACTRESS-- AND FORGOT OLD GRANNY'S WARNING..."

NOW YOU KNOW WHY I WAS SO AFRAID TO COME BACK HERE!  
IT WAS LIKE GRANNY'S TERRIBLE PROPHECY COME TRUE!

HER DREADFUL TALE ENDED...

DON'T WORRY, SWEETHEART-- ANY MONSTER WHO WANTS TO MARRY YOU WILL HAVE TO GET MY PERSONAL PERMISSION! GET SOME SLEEP, NOW--



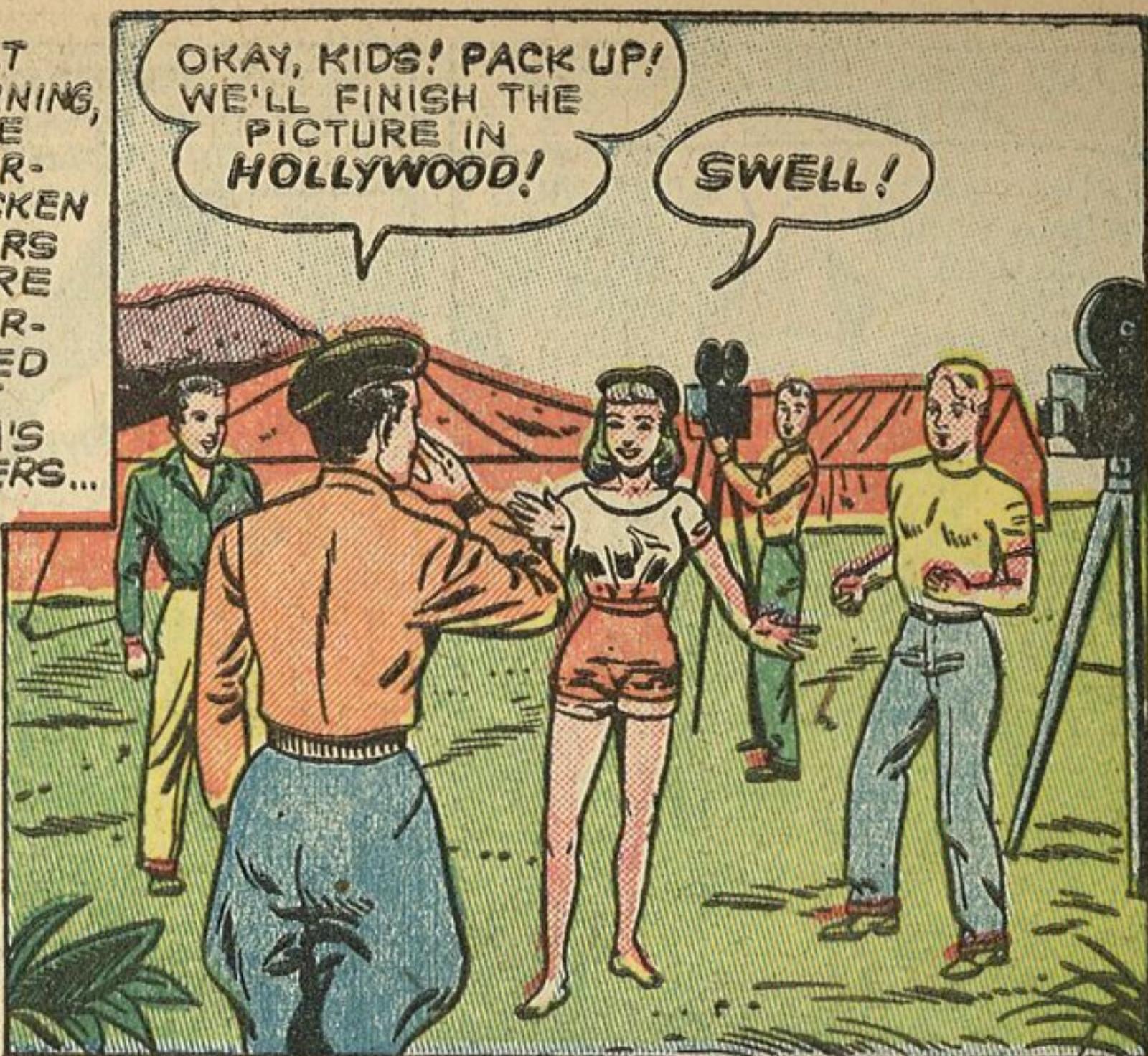
OUTSIDE THE TENT...

NO, LANCE! THERE  
WAS A RING OF  
TRUTH ABOUT  
WHAT SHE SAID--  
AND I'M NOT  
INVITING DEATH!  
WE'RE PULLING  
OUT OF HERE!  
FINISH THE  
PICTURE!

NEXT MORNING,  
THE FEAR-  
STRICKEN  
ACTORS  
WERE  
OVER-  
JOYED  
AT  
JIM'S  
ORDERS...

OKAY, KIDS! PACK UP!  
WE'LL FINISH THE  
PICTURE IN  
HOLLYWOOD!

SWELL!

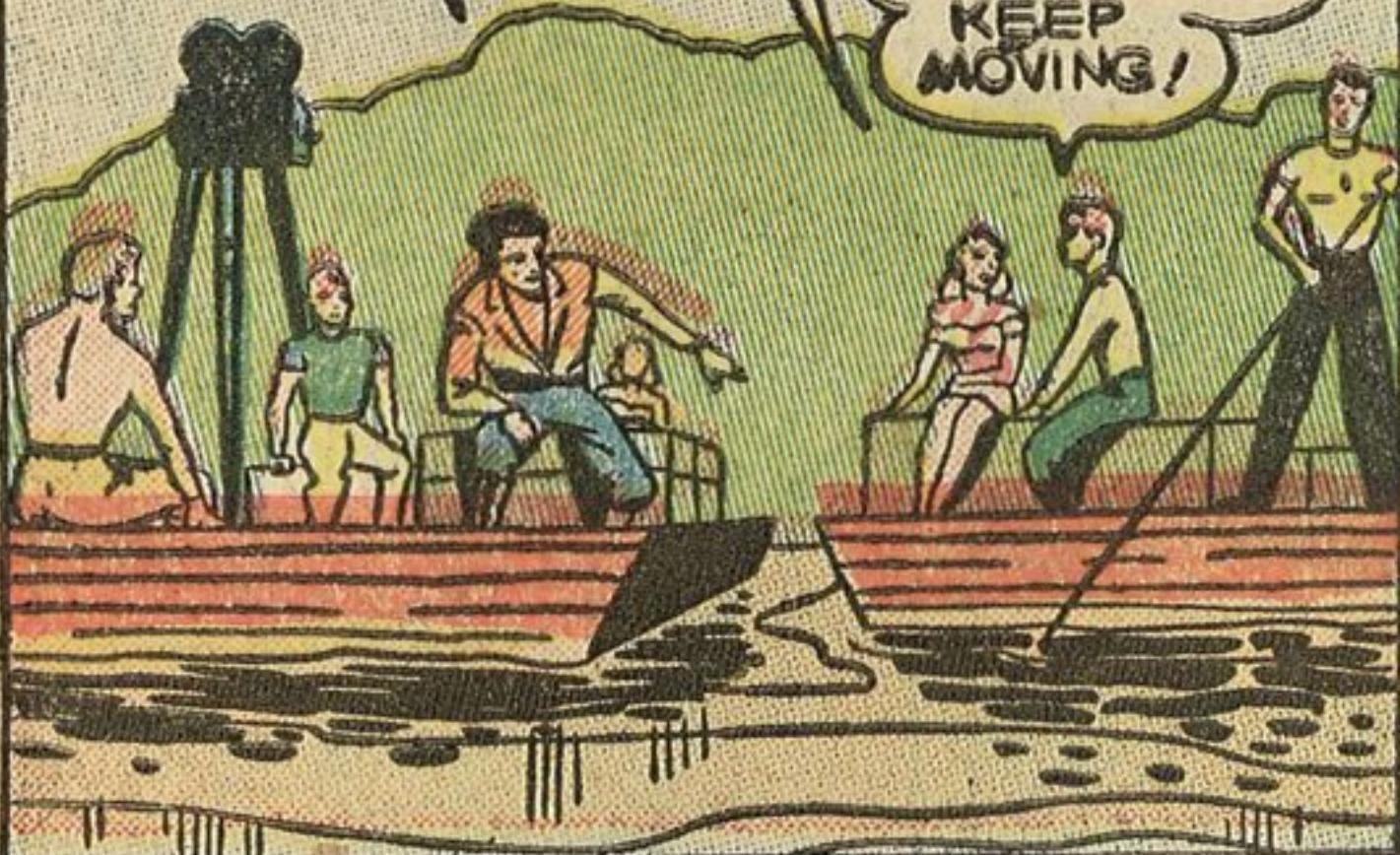


AN HOUR LATER-- BOUND FOR HOME--

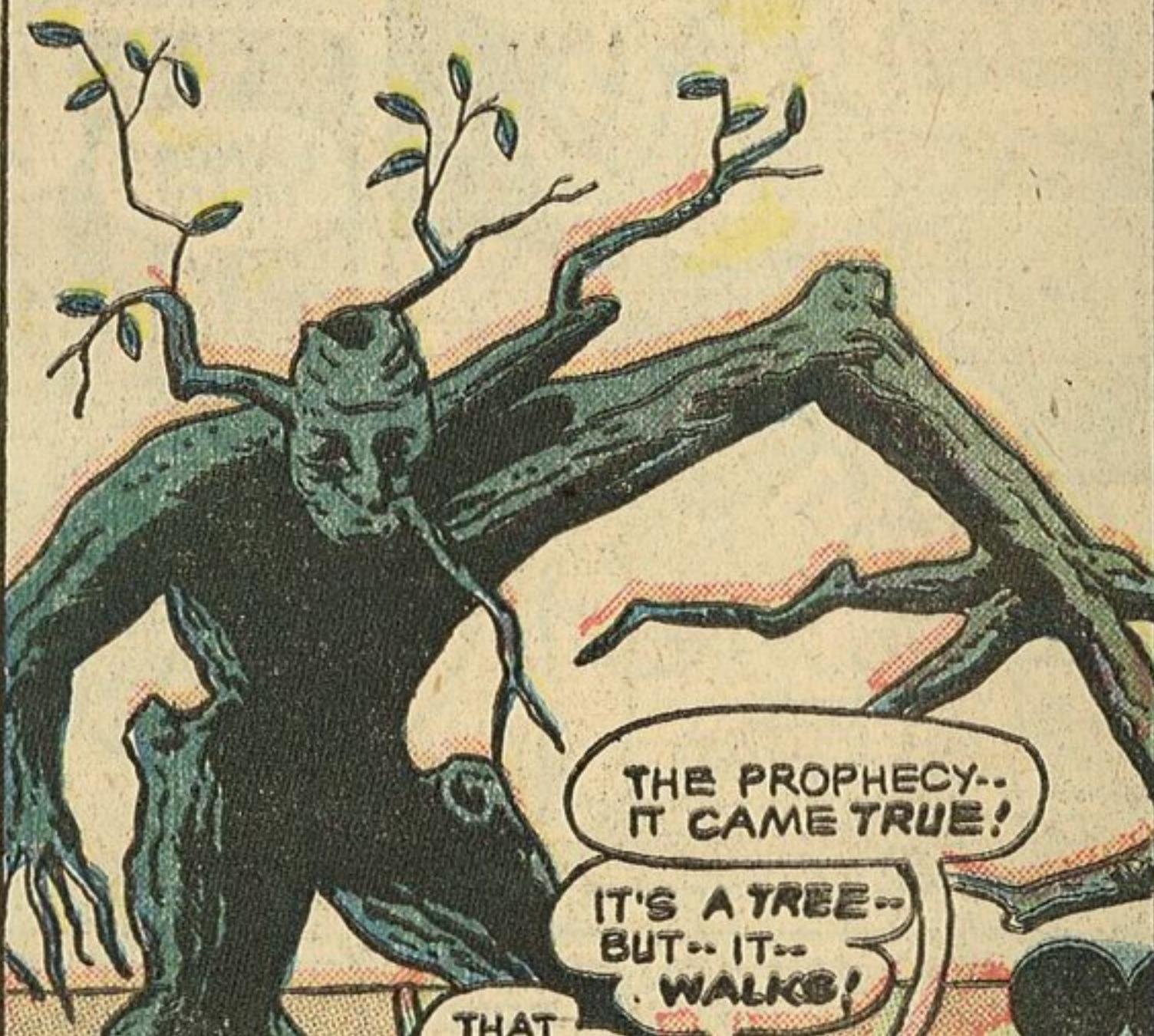
SAY, YOU TWO-- WHY WASTE  
THIS SCENERY? LET'S DO  
YOUR BIG LOVE SCENE--  
WHILE WE'RE  
TRAVELING!

I... I GUESS  
SO... BUT  
THERE'S NO  
TIME TO LOSE!  
IT'S DANGEROUS TO--

OH, COME ON,  
BABY.. WE'LL  
KEEP  
MOVING!



WHAT, INDEED? WHAT MIND COULD IMAGINE THE  
SPINE-CHILLING CREATURE THAT PROVED  
NIGHTMARISHLY REAL? THIS WAS--  
THE SWAMP MONSTER!



... AND SO.. FROM THE MIDST OF PARADISE--  
TO THE MAELSTROM OF HADES!



AND THEN--THE MONSTER ATTACKED!

RUN, LANCE,  
RUN.. WHILE  
JIM HAS  
THE  
MONSTER'S  
ATTENTION!

BOY! WHAT  
A SHOT!  
IT'LL  
MAKE  
MILL--  
JIM!  
YOU  
FOOL!

AS THE HEROIC DIRECTOR GAVE ONE FINAL SCREAM OF AGONY...



...LANCE AND LOLA TOOK THIS ONLY CHANCE TO MAKE A DASH FOR SAFETY!

IT'S-- COMING AFTER US!

FASTER!

IT CAN'T FOLLOW US ON LAND--  
ITS ROOTS MUST BE UNDER-WATER--  
SO IT CAN BREATHE!

ONLY A FEW MORE YARDS --AND WE'LL BE SAFE!

BUT THEN, AS THOUGH AT THE COMMAND OF THEIR KING, THE VERY TREES SEEMED TO TRY TO HOLD BACK THE TWO DESPERATE HUMANS!



PAINFULLY, LANCE RAISED HIS EYES TO LOLA...

LOLA! NO-- IT CAN'T BE! I'M GOING MAD!



YES--LOLA HAD FULFILLED HER DESTINY! SHE HAD RETURNED-- TO BE THE BRIDE OF THE SWAMP MONSTER!

LANCE! GOODBYE,  
MY DEAREST!  
I--I--



REPORT from Hollywood

...And that's the story! Of course, in this day and age, no one could believe it! Such things just don't happen... except in the Movies! It IS a good publicity stunt, though-- and when Lola Mann returns from her hiding place, we'll tell...

BUT LOLA WOULD NEVER RETURN! DEEP IN THE DISMAL SWAMP, THERE STANDS A LONELY TREE, ITS BRANCHES REACHING TO THE WEST-- ITS GRACEFUL ROOTS BARELY TOUCHING THE WATER--

AS THOUGH IT DID NOT BELONG THERE-- AND WANTED TO GO HOME!



THE END

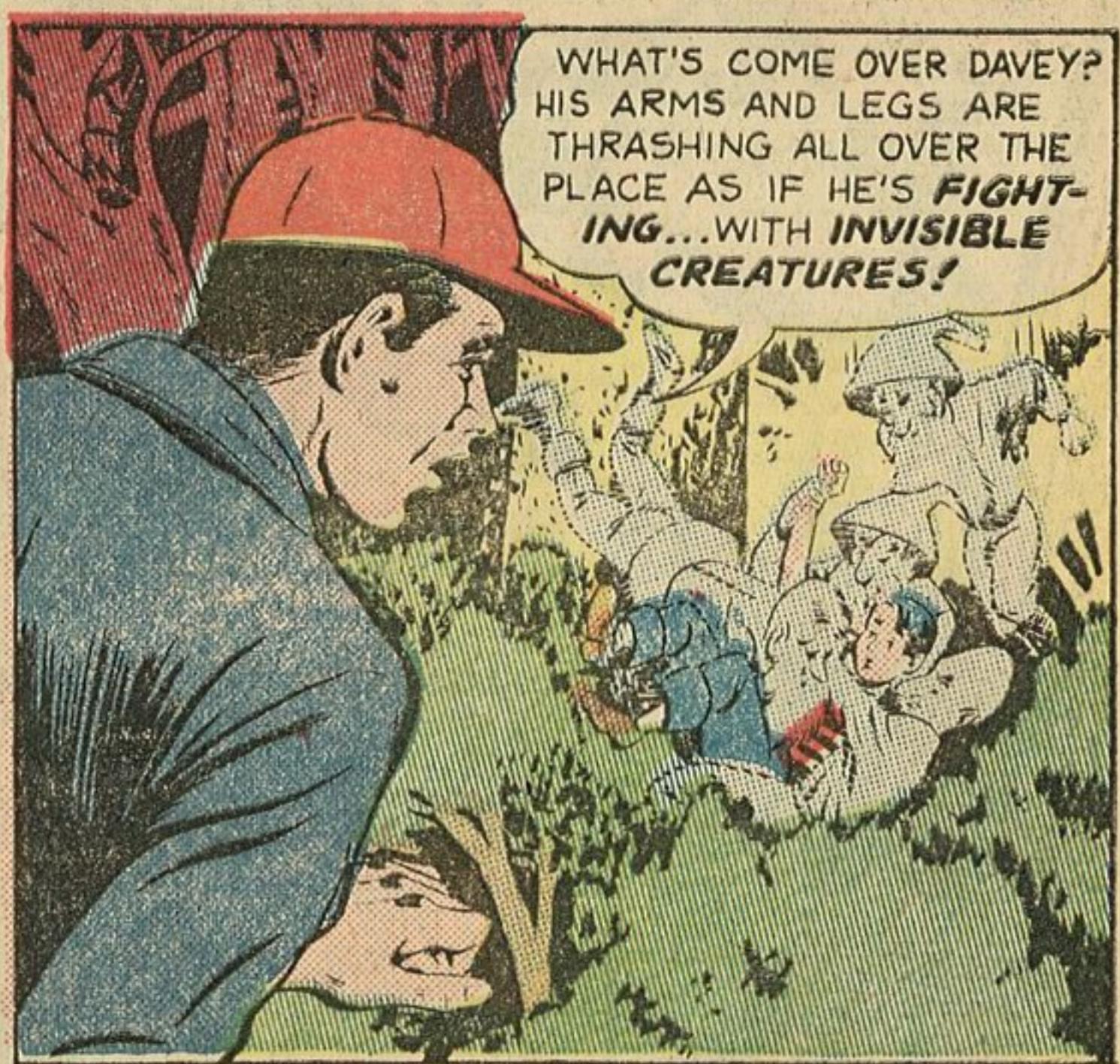
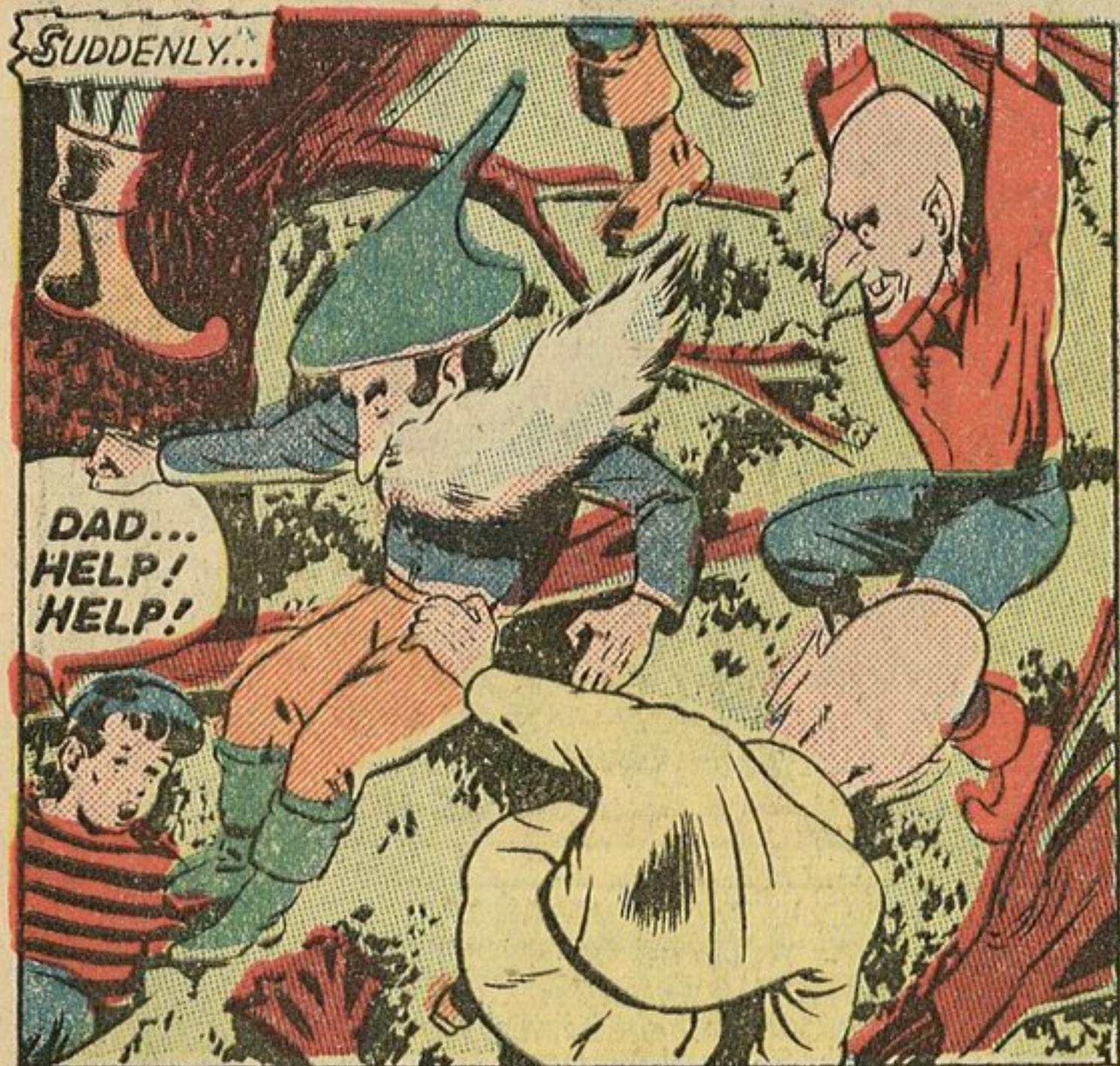
# DOOM OF THE GNOMES

GNOMES, BROWNIES, PIXIES, ELVES, LEPRECHAUNS... LEGENDS ARE FILLED WITH ACCOUNTS OF THESE **SUPERNATURAL BEINGS!** IN THIS MODERN AGE, OF COURSE, ONLY CHILDREN BELIEVE THAT SUCH CREATURES ACTUALLY EXIST! BUT THERE ARE MORE THINGS BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ADULTS EVER DREAMED OF... AND PERHAPS ONLY CHILDREN ARE CAPABLE OF SEEING THE UNCANNY **WORLD OF THE GNOMES!**

WELL, THIS IS IT...  
**GNOME HILL!** THE CABIN I RENTED FOR THE SUMMER IS ABOUT HALF WAY UP... IT'S AN IDEAL SPOT FOR A **RESTFUL** SUMMER VACATION!

GNOME HILL? WHY IS IT CALLED THAT, DAD? DO GNOMES **REALLY** LIVE ON THIS HILL?

WELL, THERE **IS** AN OLD LEGEND THAT A TRIBE OF GNOMES DWELLS WITHIN A HOLLOW CAVE AT THE TOP OF THE HILL... BUT THAT'S SHEER **SUPERSTITION**, OF COURSE! DON'T START IMAGINING THAT **YOU** SEE GNOMES IN EVERY BUSH, DAVEY... BECAUSE GNOMES JUST **DON'T EXIST!**



SOON AFTERWARDS...

LUCKY THERE'S A FULL MOON TONIGHT... OR I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE A THING! BUT I STILL HAVEN'T SEEN ANY GNOMES...!



QUICK NOW... LET'S TIE HIM UP!

HEY!



MOMENTS LATER

WAIT... I... I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY! I JUST WANTED TO BRING ONE OF YOU BACK TO THE CABIN TO SHOW MY FATHER THAT GNOMES REALLY EXIST!



NO ONE WHO IS TALLER THAN WE CAN SEE US... THAT'S OUR NATURAL DEFENSE AGAINST ATTACK FROM LARGER AND MORE POWERFUL ANIMALS IN THE WOODS... INCLUDING MEN! BUT NOW THAT YOU KNOW OF OUR EXISTENCE, YOU'RE A THREAT TO OUR SAFETY... WE'RE TAKING YOU TO OUR HEADQUARTERS INSIDE THE HILL!

AFTER A SHORT WALK THROUGH THE EERIE, MOON-LIT GLADE...



ALL RIGHT... PUSH HIM INTO THE CAVE! HE'S A LITTLE SMALLER THAN WE ARE... HE'LL FIT THROUGH THE ENTRANCE!

INSIDE THE CAVE

HERE HE IS, BRETHREN... THE SMALL HUMAN WHO SAW US, AND WHO TOLD AN ADULT ABOUT OUR EXISTENCE!

GOLLY... A WHOLE TRIBE OF GNOMES!



IF WE RELEASE HIM, HE'LL BRING THE ADULTS BACK HERE... AND THEY'LL WIPE US OUT!

PUT HIM TO DEATH, I SAY!

NO... YOU... MUSTN'T! I... I PROMISE I'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS PLACE... I PROMISE!

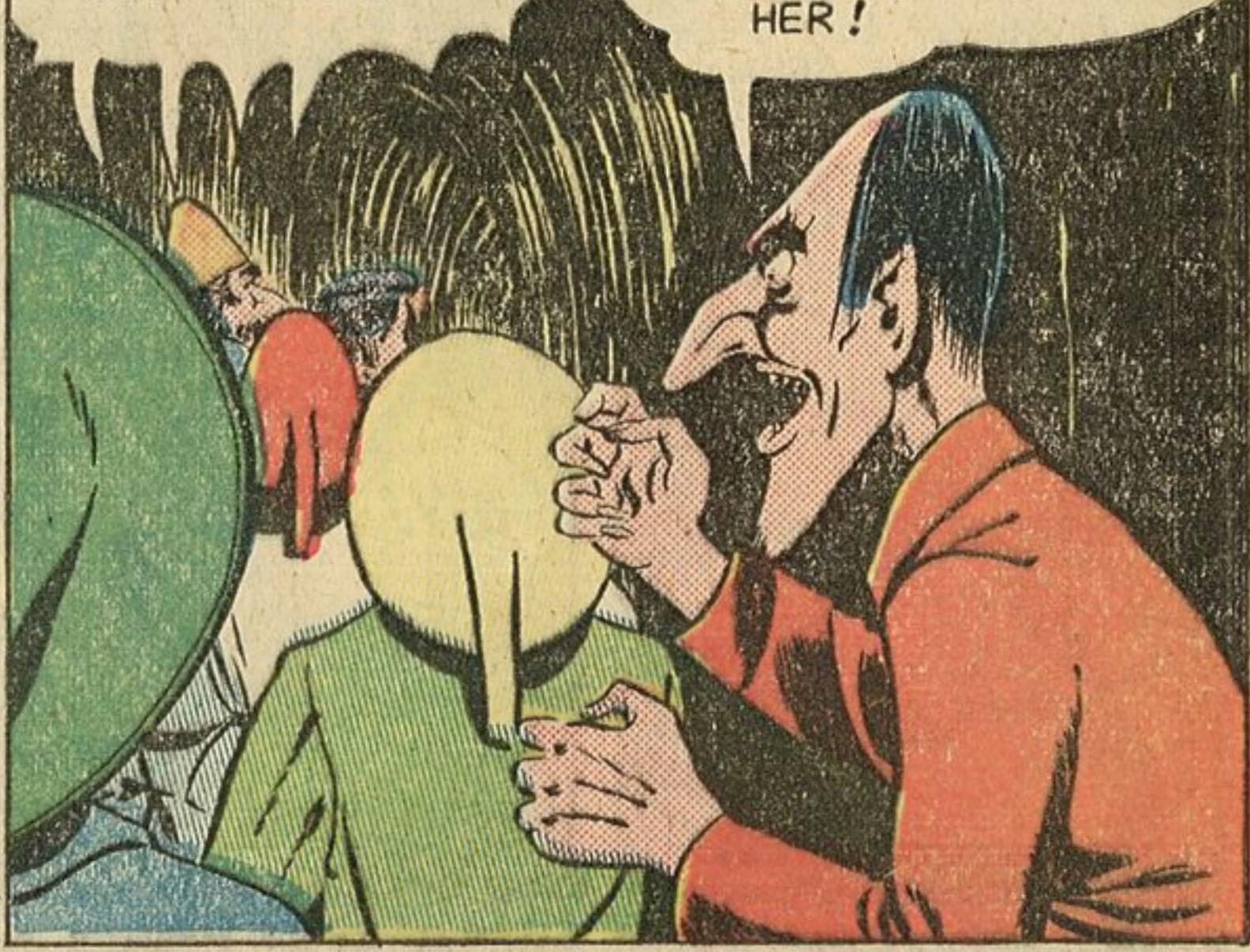


THE HUMAN'S PROMISE  
CAN'T BE TRUSTED...  
**KILL HIM!**

**KHANG'S** HEART  
IS EVIL... DO NOT  
HEED HIM! LET US  
BRING THE PRISONER  
TO THE SAGE... HE  
WILL TELL US  
WHETHER HE CAN  
BE TRUSTED OR  
NOT!

**LET US HEED  
DALLONA... BRING  
THE CAPTIVE TO  
THE SAGE!**

DALLONA IS A SOFT-  
HEARTED FOOL... AND SO  
ARE THE REST OF YOU  
FOR LISTENING TO  
HER!



TELL US, O VENER-  
ABLE SAGE WHO HATH  
THE POWER OF LOOK-  
ING INTO THE HEARTS  
OF ALL LIVING CREA-  
TURES... CAN THE  
WORD OF THIS  
HUMAN BE  
**TRUSTED?**

THE HEART OF THIS  
CHILD IS GOOD...  
YOU CAN DEPEND  
ON HIM!

THE SAGE HAS  
SPOKEN... YOU  
ARE FREE TO  
LEAVE HERE  
AND RETURN  
TO YOUR  
HOME!

BUT NOW THAT I'M HERE, CAN'T  
I STAY AND PLAY AWHILE?  
YOU SEE, THERE AREN'T ANY  
KIDS MY SIZE TO PLAY WITH ON  
THIS HILL! LET'S SEE... DO YOU  
KNOW LEAP-FROG? IF YOU DON'T,  
I'LL TEACH YOU!



HA, HA...  
FROG-LEAP  
IS FUN!

GAMES... BAH! THE HUMAN  
SHOULD HAVE BEEN **KILLED**...  
AND HE **WILL** BE IF I HAVE TO  
DO IT **MYSELF**! BUT I WILL  
WAIT UNTIL THE  
TIME IS  
RIGHT!

TOWARD DAWN...

WE'RE SORRY YOU  
HAVE TO GO HOME, DAVEY  
...DON'T FORGET TO  
COME AGAIN  
TOMORROW!

I WILL! AND  
DON'T WORRY  
...I WON'T TELL  
ANYONE AT ALL  
ABOUT YOU!

AS THE SUMMER DAYS FLED SWIFTLY BY, DAVEY BECAME A REGULAR VISITOR TO THE HOLLOW CHAMBER WITHIN THE HILL, TEACHING THE GNOMES A VARIETY OF HUMAN GAMES...

BASKETBALL IS A MUCH BETTER GAME THAN TAG, OR FOLLOW THE LEADER, OR...



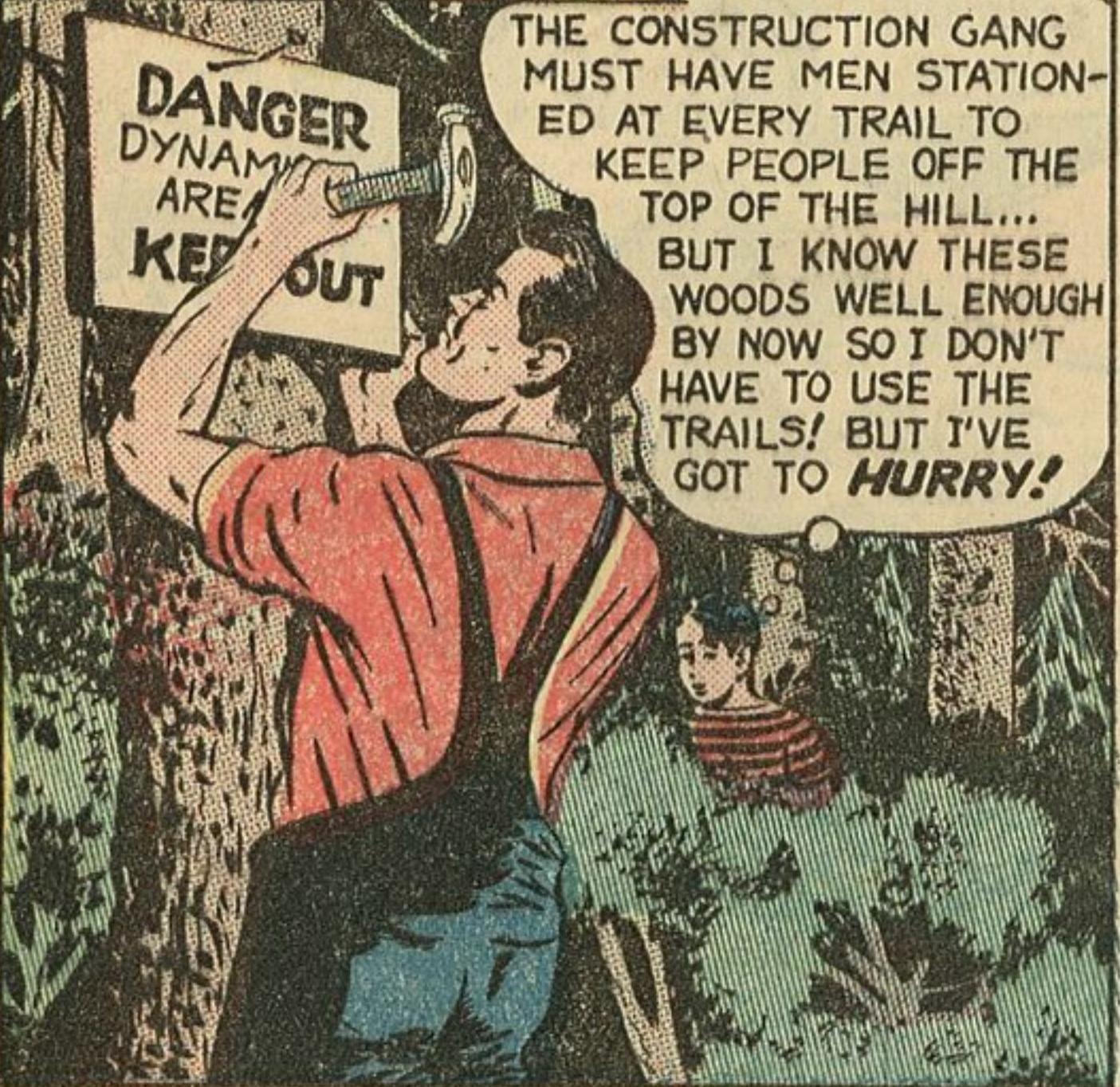
BUT ONE DAY...

YOU'RE NOT TO TAKE ANY MORE HIKES BY YOURSELF UP TO THE TOP OF THE HILL, DAVEY! I WAS WARNED TODAY THAT A CONSTRUCTION GANG IS BUILDING A NEW ROAD UP THERE... AND THEY'RE GOING TO DYNAMITE THE TOP OF THE HILL!

GOLLY... I... I'VE GOT TO SLIP AWAY AND WARN THE GNOMES!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER...



THE CONSTRUCTION GANG MUST HAVE MEN STATIONED AT EVERY TRAIL TO KEEP PEOPLE OFF THE TOP OF THE HILL... BUT I KNOW THESE WOODS WELL ENOUGH BY NOW SO I DON'T HAVE TO USE THE TRAILS! BUT I'VE GOT TO HURRY!

SOON AFTERWARDS...

...AND SO YOU'VE ALL GOT TO GET OFF THIS HILL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE... BEFORE THEY DYNAMITE THIS WHOLE PLACE!

IT'S ALL A PLOT... THEY'RE DYNAMITING THE HILL TO KILL US! AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOLD THEM WE LIVED HERE!



YOU'RE CRAZY! IF I TOLD THEM, WHY DID I COME HERE TO WARN YOU? I'M IN AS MUCH DANGER NOW AS YOU ARE!

DAVEY IS RIGHT!

HE IS OUR FRIEND!

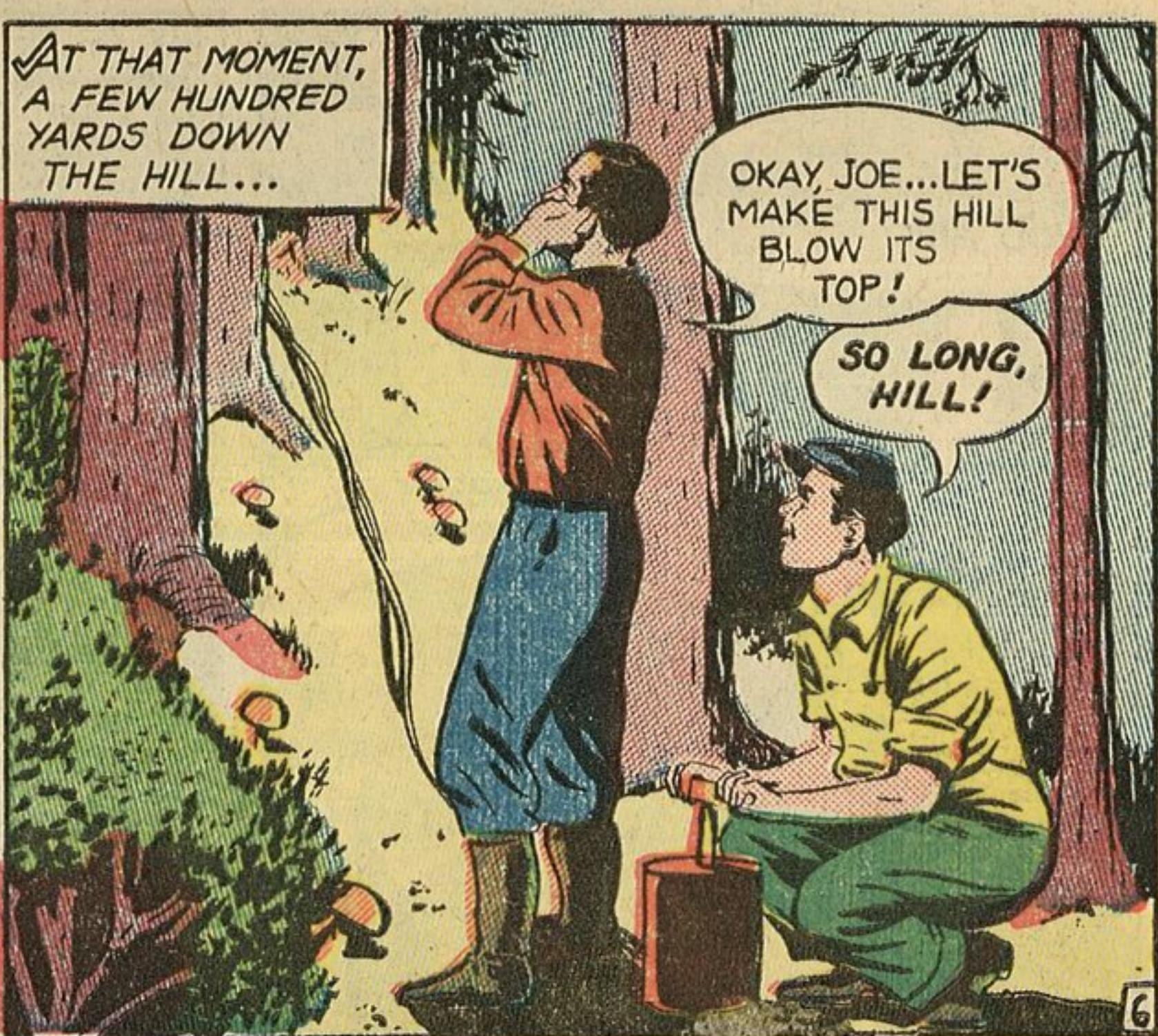
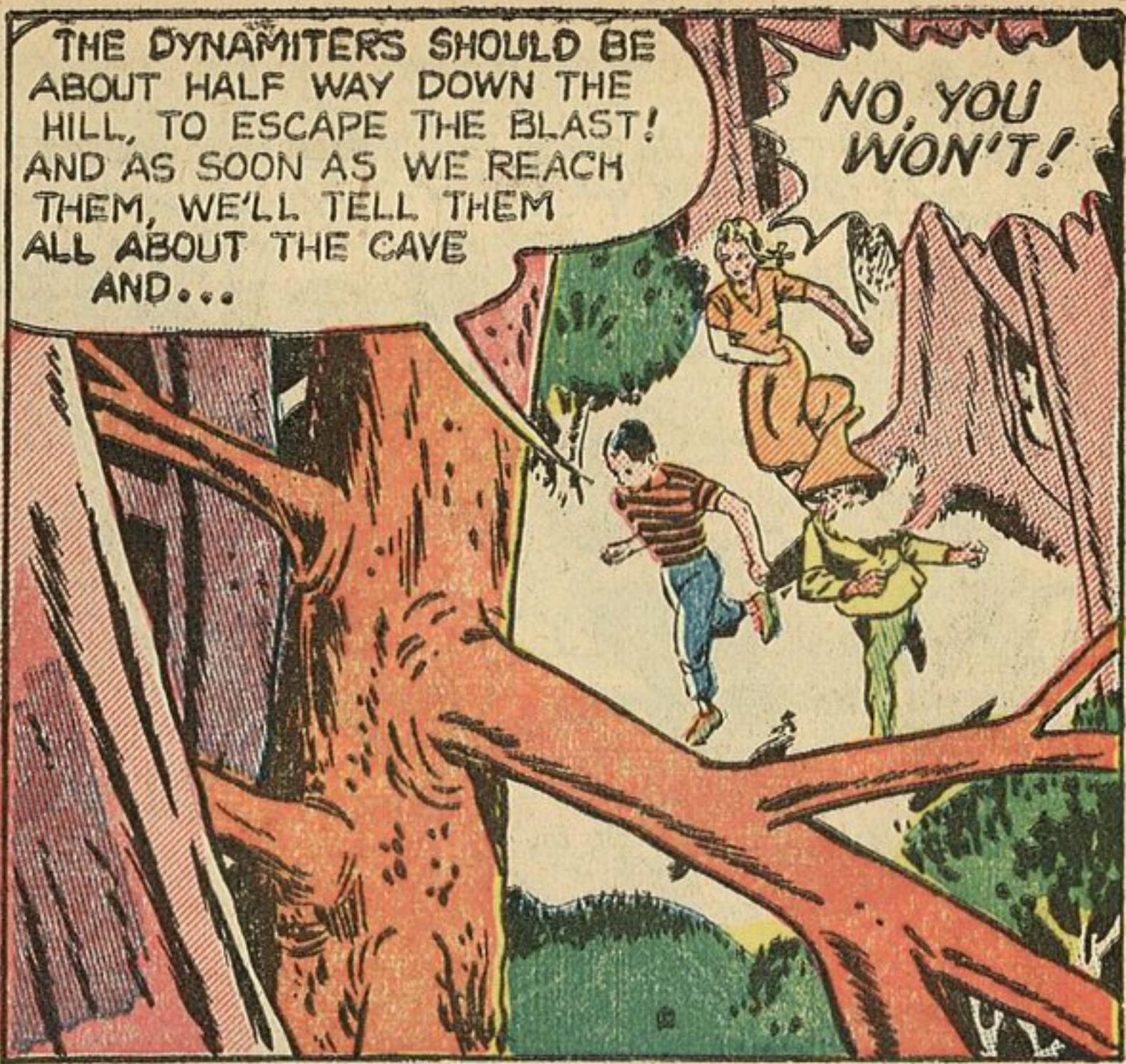
YES... BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE OUR HOME!

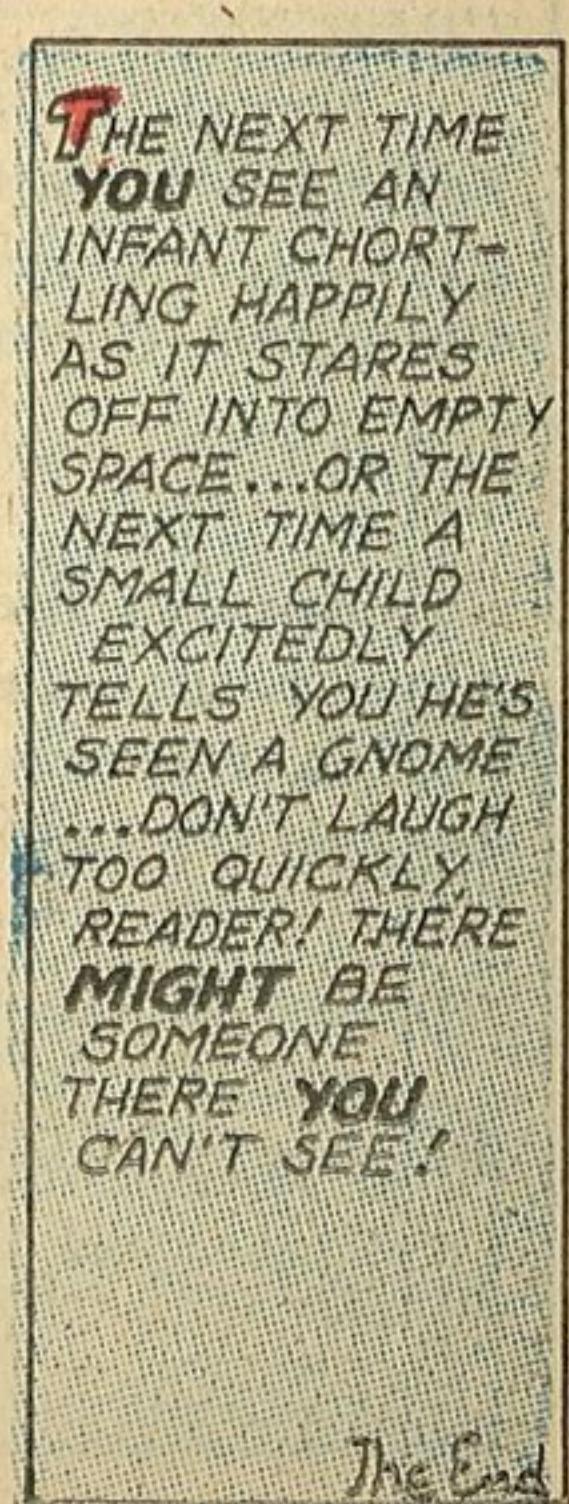
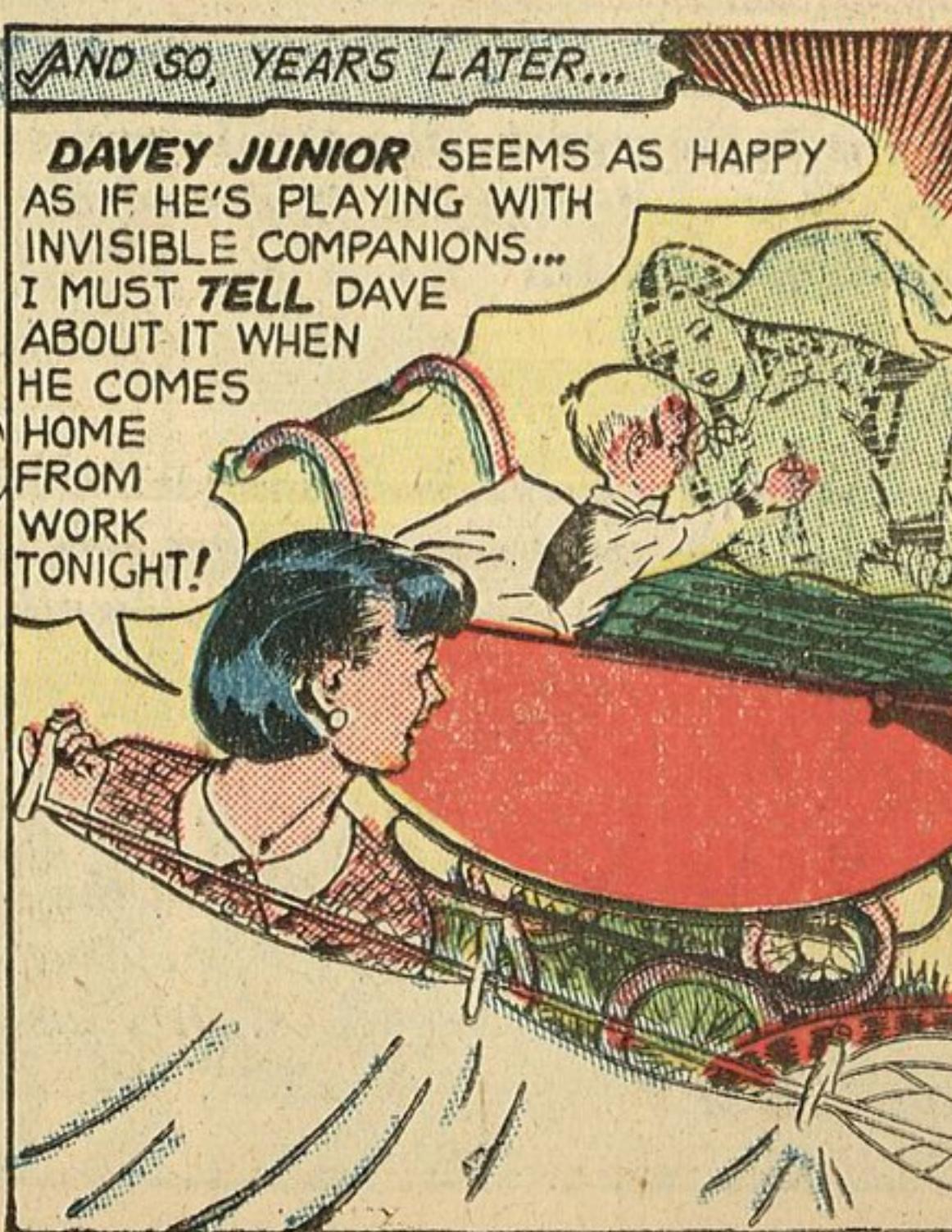
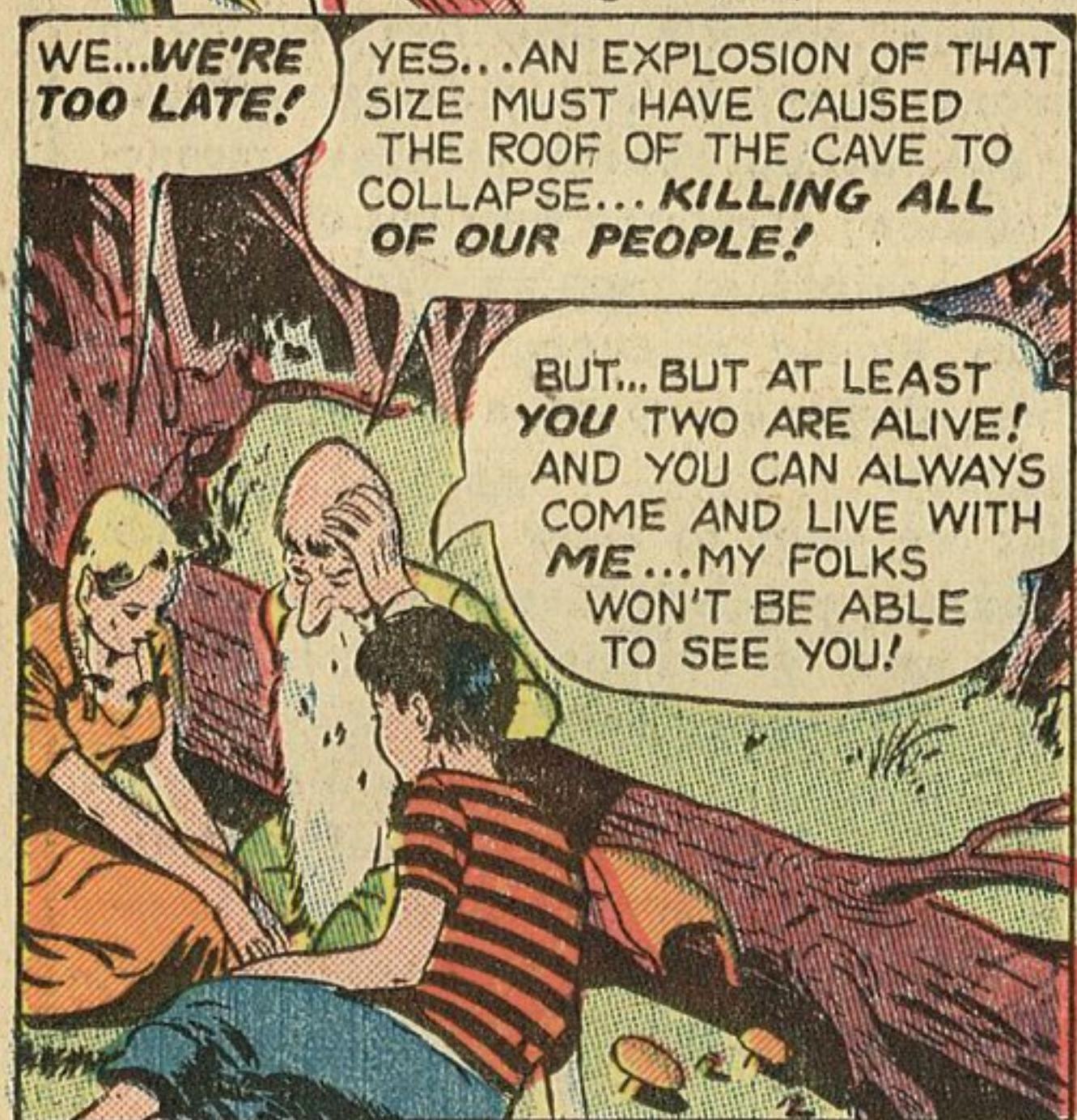
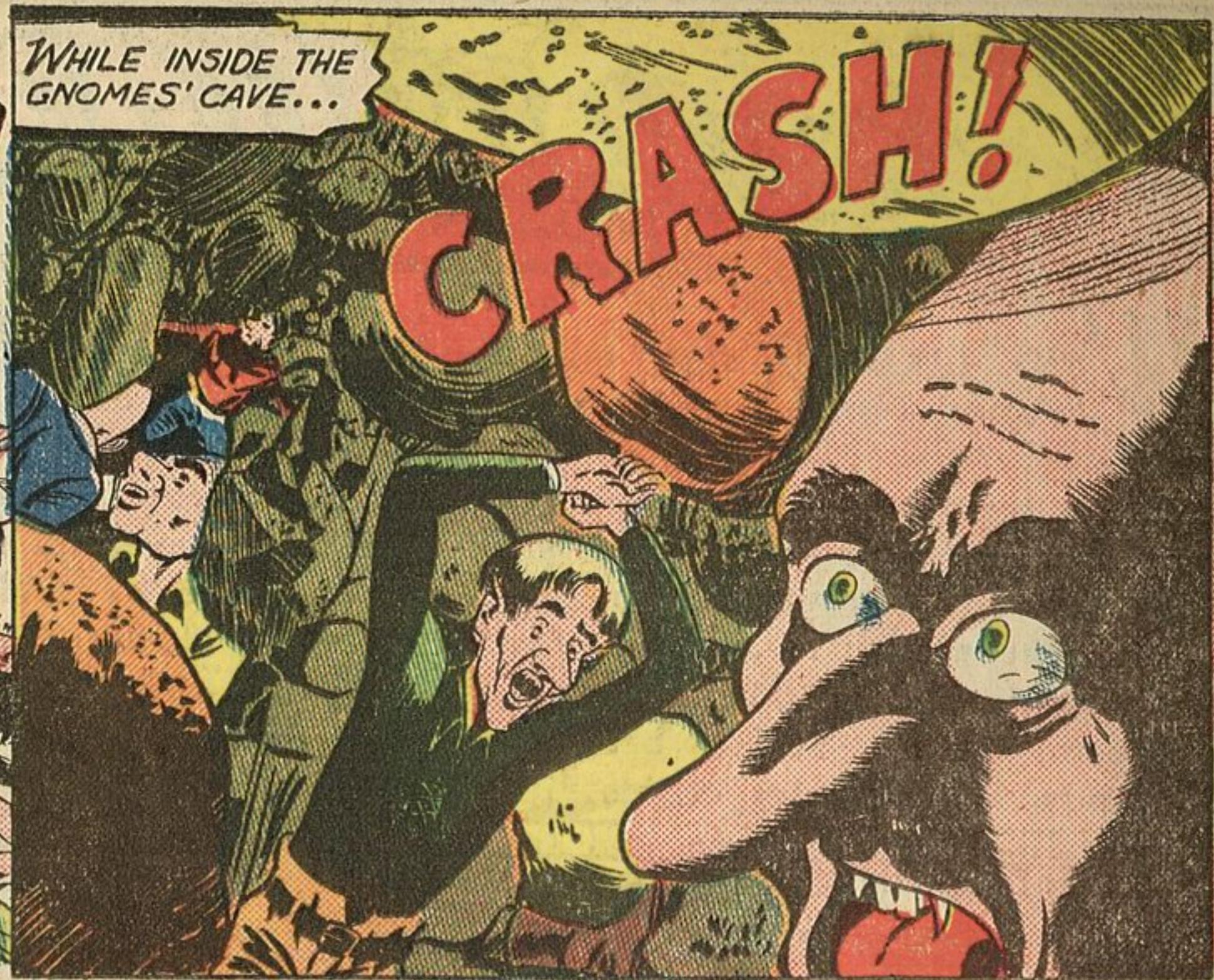


ALL OF US EXCEPT KHANG TRUST YOU, DAVEY... BUT WE CAN'T TAKE YOUR ADVICE ABOUT RUNNING AWAY! THIS HAS BEEN OUR HOME FOR CENTURIES... WE COULD NEVER LIVE ANYPLACE ELSE!

THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER THING TO DO! A COUPLE OF YOU WILL HAVE TO COME WITH ME TO THE DYNAMITERS AND TELL THEM THE WHOLE STORY! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOU... BUT IF THEY FEEL YOU, THEY'LL KNOW YOU EXIST! THEN MAYBE THEY'LL BYPASS THE HILL IN BUILDING THE ROAD!







# From YOUR EDITOR - to YOU!

WE'D LIKE TO start this month's meeting with a ringing vote of sincere appreciation. And it goes to you... to the loyal fans and staunch supporters of "Forbidden Worlds". For it's you that have helped immeasurably in making this magazine what it is...a truly great publication devoted to the dark realm of the supernatural. You've been our best friends and severest critics, indicating your likes and dislikes and telling us exactly what you wished to see in the issues which we bring you. You've been quick to point out errors, to let us know if, when and where we were falling short in our ambition to bring you the best in strange stories of the occult, in weird adventures into a world beyond life itself. The result has been a thrilling and fast-paced magazine jammed from cover to cover with startlingly imaginative stories illustrated by America's ace artists. The result has been "Forbidden Worlds"...your personal magazine!

And so, our thanks to you...in full measure! We've both been the gainers through your fine cooperation. In witness, we offer this latest issue, carefully planned and tailor-made to your own personal tastes. Each feature has been painstakingly selected on the basis of

your indicated preferences, with plot and art directed only towards your personal satisfaction. That's why we know you'll like "*The Flying Head*", one of the weirdest, most challenging stories ever to be published. And there's no doubt about "*Bride of the Swamp Monster*", a strange tale which combines spine-tingling folk legend with all the racing excitement of 20th century adventure. Then, for something truly and excitingly different, we offer "*Doom of the Gnomes*", a fanciful, captivating thriller that's guaranteed to hold you spellbound. Rounding out this month's offerings is "*The Phantom Fountain*", a pulsing story of the supernatural which presents menacing, shadowy creatures from out of the Unknown against a gripping background of modern atomic science. Taken all together, they add up to a great and all-star issue!

But we want to know what you think! Tell us how you like these stories, please...and what you want to see in future issues! Address your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. If we have room, we'll publish your opinions. Meanwhile...let's see what some of our other readers have to say!

"Dear Editor:-

I want to tell you how much I enjoy reading 'Forbidden Worlds'. My favorite comics are supernaturals...and I'm impressed by the thrills and suspense that only you bring to them! Everyone I know says that your magazine is outstanding...and I only wish you could publish it weekly! One of your many fans...

--Kent K. Murray, Arcadia, Nebr."

"Dear Editor:-

Besides the sensational stories in 'Forbidden Worlds', the art work is terrific! How's about having the artists sign their names? That way, readers can write in stating the best artists, and those with the most votes can get to do all future stories. But whatever you do, keep up the wonderful work!

--Roger Curtis, St. Paul, Minn."

"Dear Editor:-

I really go for 'Forbidden Worlds'! I've read the latest issue ten or twelve times over. Print more stories like 'Postscript To Death', please. I like your magazine because it has no mistakes at all, and keeps me in suspense. It's fine!

--Martha Sue Smith, Vernon, Texas."

# The PHANTOM FOUNTAIN



DEEP IN THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF MANKIND HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE DREAM OF SOME DAY FINDING A MIRACULOUS ELIXIR THAT WOULD GIVE ETERNAL LIFE AND YOUTH! ONE MAN, PONCE DE LEON, ACTUALLY DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO A SEARCH FOR THE LEGENDARY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH! NOW, HERE'S A PULSE-THROBBING TALE, READER--OF A 20TH CENTURY AMERICAN WHO FOUND THAT THE FOUNTAIN ACTUALLY EXISTED--BUT THAT ITS GHASTLY WATERS HAD CREATED A RACE OF PHANTOMS WHOSE POWERS COULD ENSLAVE THE WORLD!

DEEP IN THE EERIE SWAMPS OF THE FORBIDDING FLORIDA EVERGLADES...

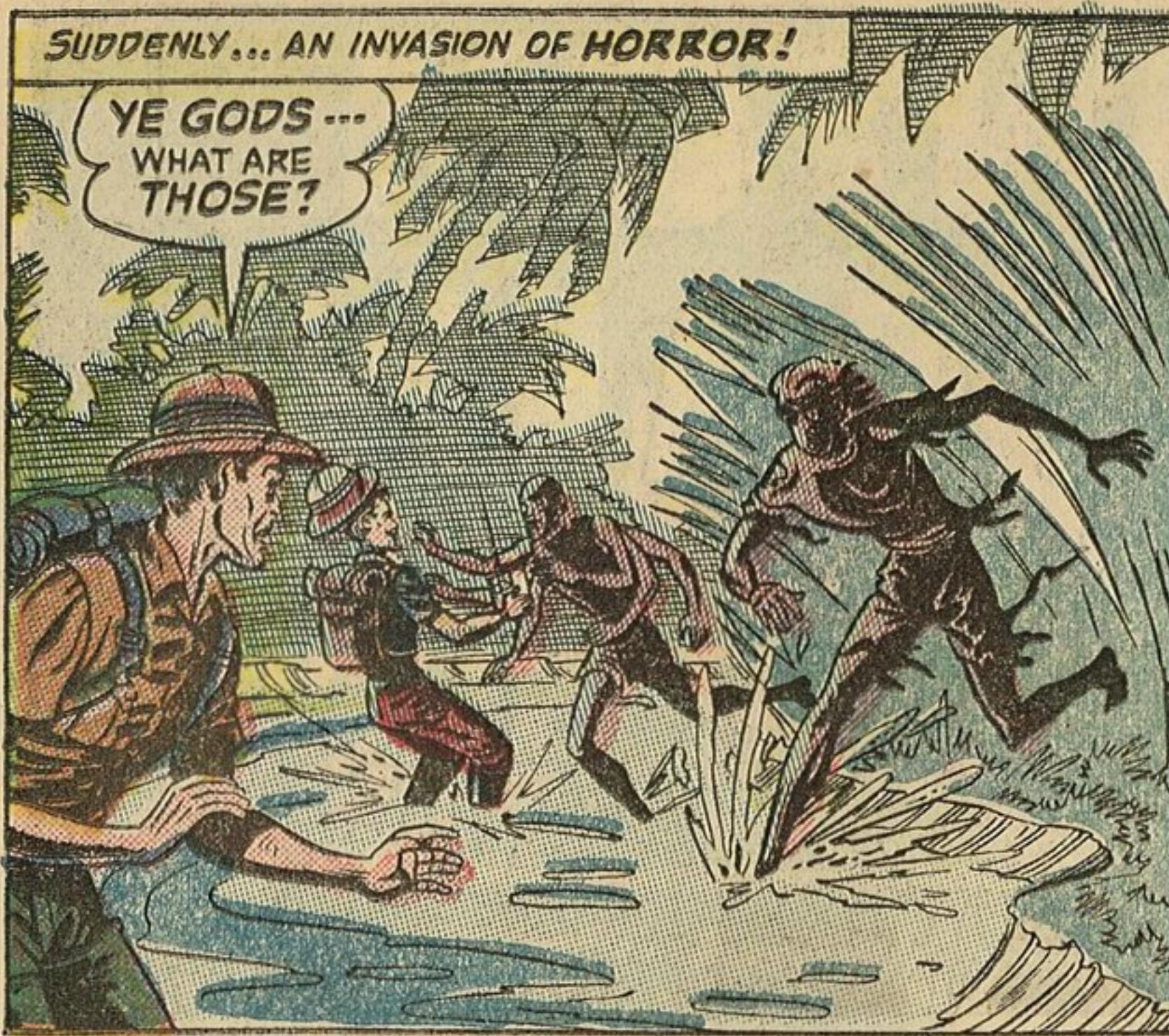
NO--ME NO GUIDE YOU MORE! BUT YOU CAN'T DESERT US NOW -- JUST WHEN ACCURSED FOUNTAIN INDICATES WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THAT SOURCE OF RADIATION!

CLICK  
CLICK

WELL, MEN--OUR SEMINOLE GUIDES HAVE FLED! WE'LL NOW --WE'RE PROBABLY JUST HAVE TO PUSH ON REACHING AN ENORMOUS WITHOUT THEM, EVEN DEPOSIT OF RADIOACTIVE THOUGH THIS REGION PITCHBLEND --- IS MARKED "UNEXPLORED" WHICH IS JUST WHAT ON THE MAPS! THE GOVERNMENT SENT US HERE TO FIND! THOSE STUPID GUIDES--AS IF THERE COULD BE ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL HERE TO FEAR!

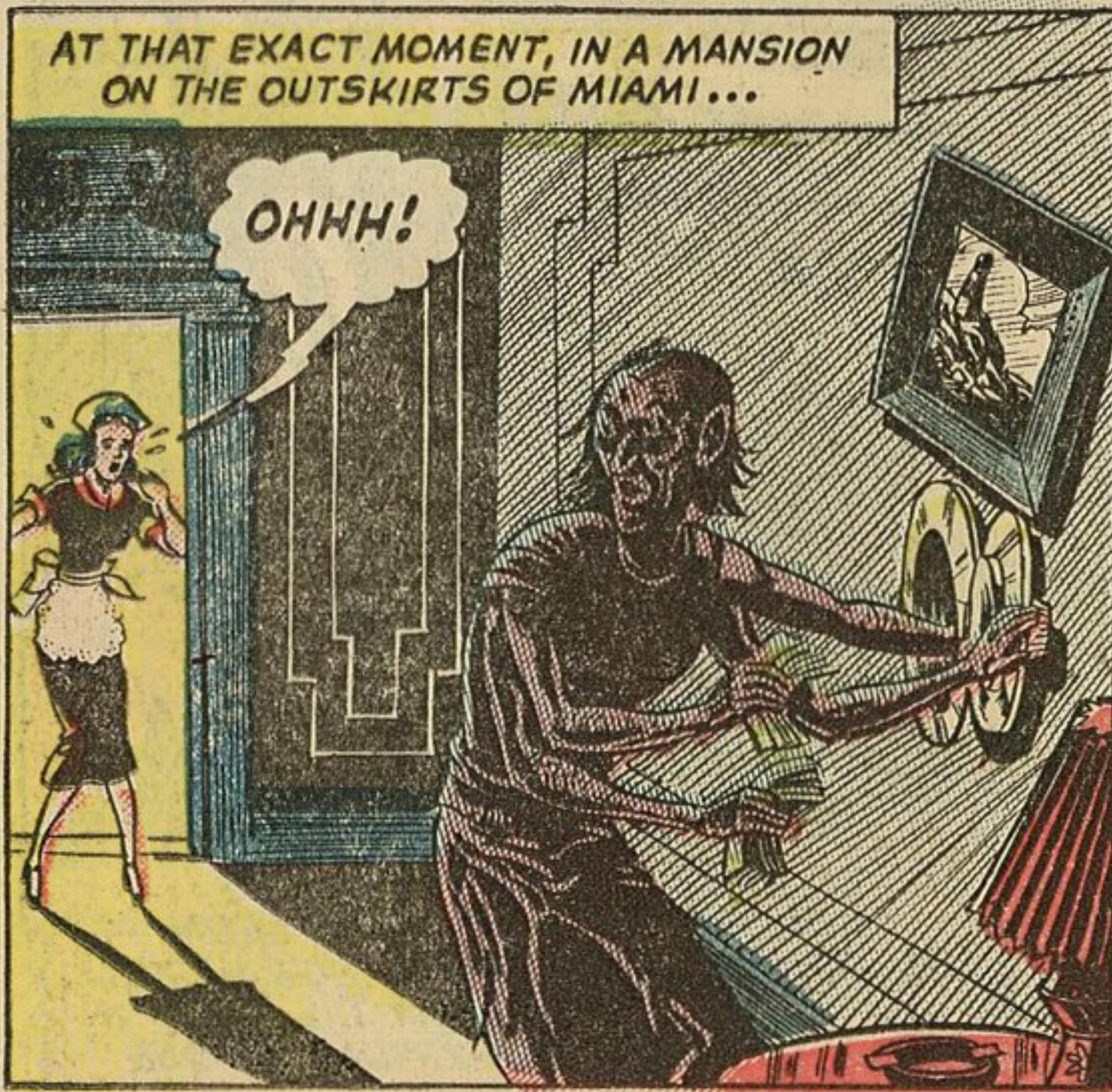
SUDDENLY... AN INVASION OF HORROR!

YE GODS...  
WHAT ARE  
THOSE?



AT THAT EXACT MOMENT, IN A MANSION  
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MIAMI...

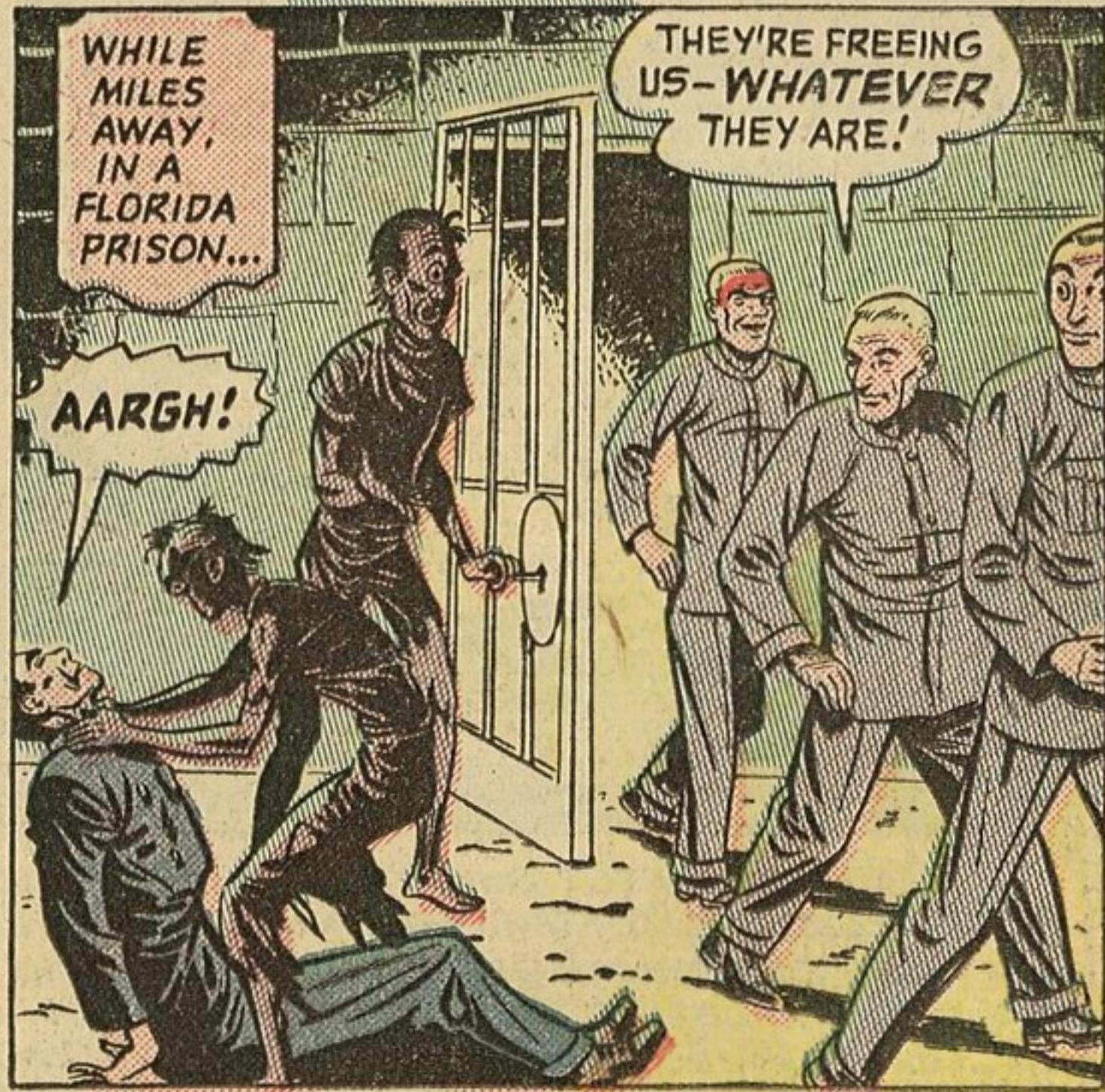
OHHH!



WHITE  
MILES  
AWAY,  
IN A  
FLORIDA  
PRISON...

AARGH!

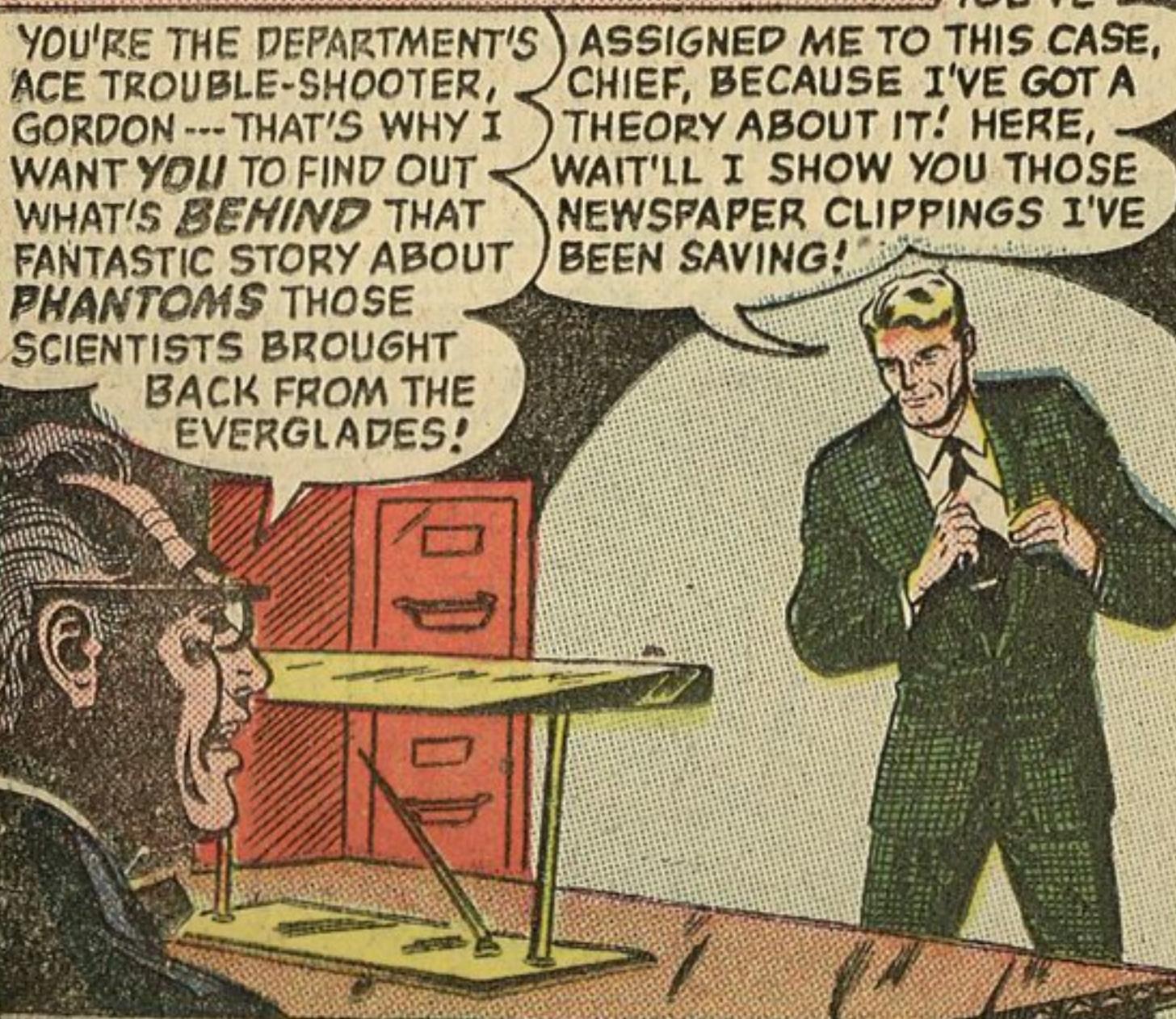
THEY'RE FREEING  
US - WHATEVER  
THEY ARE!



A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE  
ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION...

YOU'RE THE DEPARTMENT'S ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER, GORDON --- THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THAT FANTASTIC STORY ABOUT PHANTOMS THOSE SCIENTISTS BROUGHT BACK FROM THE EVERGLADES!

ASSIGNED ME TO THIS CASE, CHIEF, BECAUSE I'VE GOT A THEORY ABOUT IT! HERE, WAIT'LL I SHOW YOU THOSE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS I'VE BEEN SAVING!



I'M GLAD  
YOU'VE

I'VE GOT A STRONG HUNCH THERE'S A CONNECTION AMONG THOSE THREE STORIES, CHIEF --- AND I INTEND TO FIND IT! THOSE PHANTOMS --- I'M BETTING THEY'RE ALL THE SAME GROUP!

U.S.  
URANIUM  
HUNTERS  
ROUTED BY  
EVERGLADES  
"PHANTOMS"

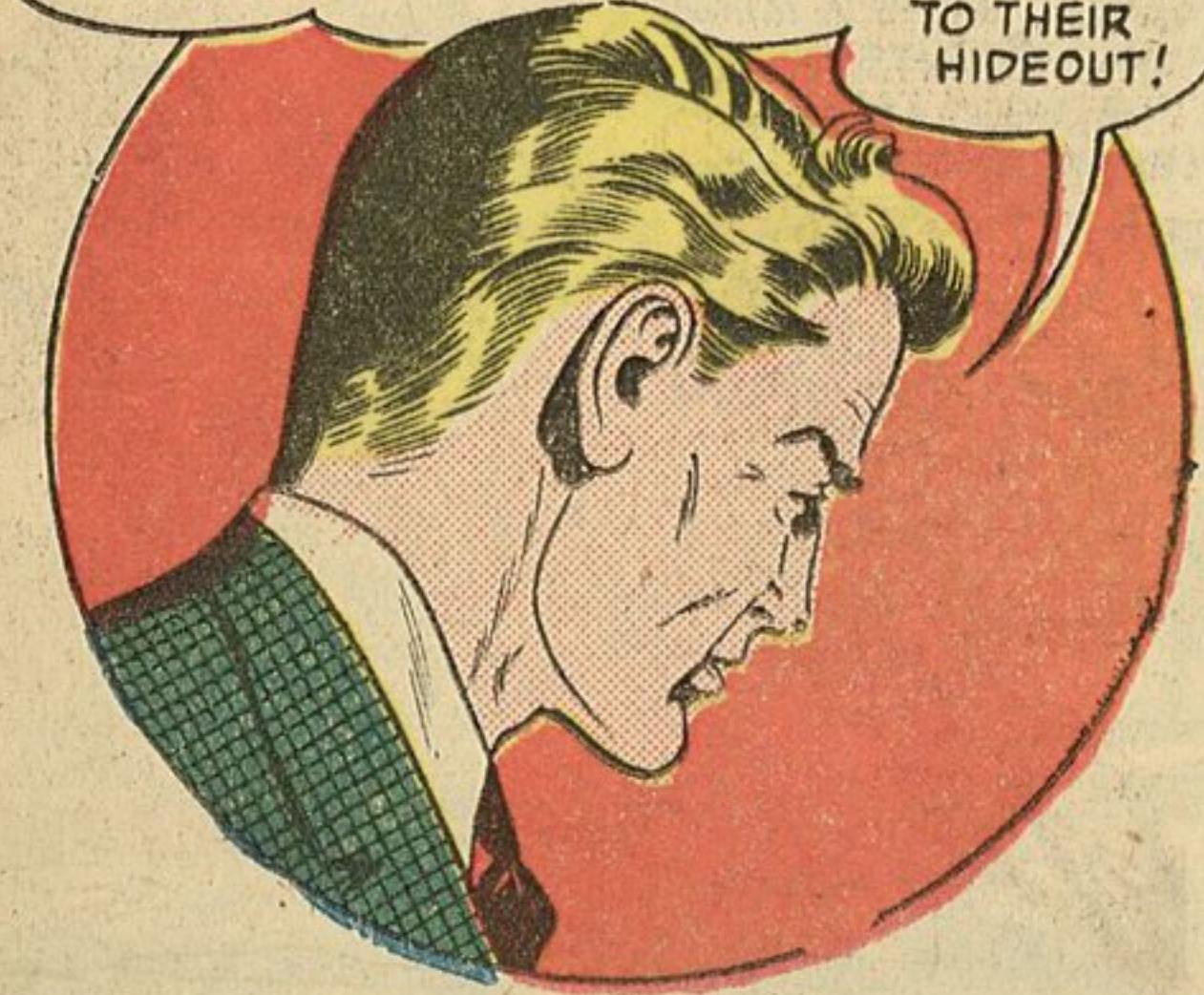
"PHANTOM  
FREAKS"  
ROB  
ANOTHER  
MIAMI  
HOME

NEW  
JAILBREAK  
AIDED BY  
"PHANTOMS".  
Fugitives  
Trailed To  
Everglades  
Swamps.

MY THEORY IS THAT A GANG OF CRIMINALS IS USING A HIDEOUT IN THE EVERGLADES AS A BASE FOR MARAUDING ACTIVITIES AGAINST NEARBY CITIES --- AND THAT THEY'RE USING PHONY DISGUISES AND PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT BOTH TO TERRORIZE THEIR VICTIMS INTO THINKING THEY'RE **SUPERNATURAL CREATURES** AND TO FRIGHTEN AWAY ANYONE WHO GETS TOO CLOSE TO THEIR HIDEOUT!

WELL, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS--- WILL YOU RETRACE THE STEPS OF THE EXPEDITION?

NO --- I WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE **THEY DID!** I'M GOING TO FLY LOW OVER THE GLADES WITH A SUPER-SENSITIVE GEIGER COUNTER-- AND PARACHUTE DOWN AT THE SPOT OF GREATEST RADIATION, WHICH IS UNDOUBTEDLY NEAR THE PLACE WHERE THE EXPEDITION WAS ROUTED!



NEXT DAY, OVER THE EVERGLADES...

THE COUNTER IS CLICKING AWAY LIKE A RATTLESNAKE--- I GUESS THIS **MUST** BE THE SPOT! GET SOME ALTITUDE ABOVE HERE --- **AND I'LL HIT THE SILK!**



MOMENTS LATER...

BLAST IT, I **WOULD** HAVE TO GET HUNG UP IN THIS --- OH-OH, I'VE GOT COMPANY! THEY'RE PROBABLY THE SAME CREEPS WHO SCARED OFF THE EXPEDITION --- BUT THEY'RE NOT SCARING ME! AS SOON AS I WANGLE OUT OF THIS HARNESS, I'LL PROVE THAT THEY'RE NOT PHANTOMS, BUT FLESH AND BLOOD HUMANS!



WHA --- MY... MY FEET WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIM! THEY... THEY'RE **SUPERNATURAL!**



SEIZE HIM -- TAKE  
HIM TO  
LAVALLE!

AND THEY... THEY'VE  
GOT SUPERNATURAL  
STRENGTH -- THEY'RE  
OVERPOWERING  
ME!

CLICK  
CLICK

SOON AFTERWARDS...

THE GEIGER COUNTER IS REALLY  
**RATTLING** NOW! LUCKY I CAME  
HERE PROTECTED AGAINST  
RADIOACTIVE POISONING BY  
SWALLOWING A HEAVY DOSE OF  
**CYSTEINE**, THE NEW MIRACLE  
DRUG THAT COUNTERACTS  
EVEN THE MOST LETHAL  
RADIATION!

WE CAPTURED  
AN INTERLOPER,  
**MASTER  
LA VALLE!**

CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK

GREAT SCOTT -- A  
**TWO-FACED CREEP!**

AH, THE INTRUDER  
CARRIES A RADIATION  
DETECTOR! HE CAME  
SEEKING RADIOACTIVE  
MINERALS, BUT  
THESE FREAKS...

THEY'RE ALL **MUTATIONS**..  
BIOLOGICAL DISTORTIONS  
BROUGHT ABOUT BY  
EXCESS  
RADIOACTIVITY!

HE SHALL FIND  
MORE THAN HE  
SOUGHT... TAKE  
HIM TO THE  
FOUNTAIN!

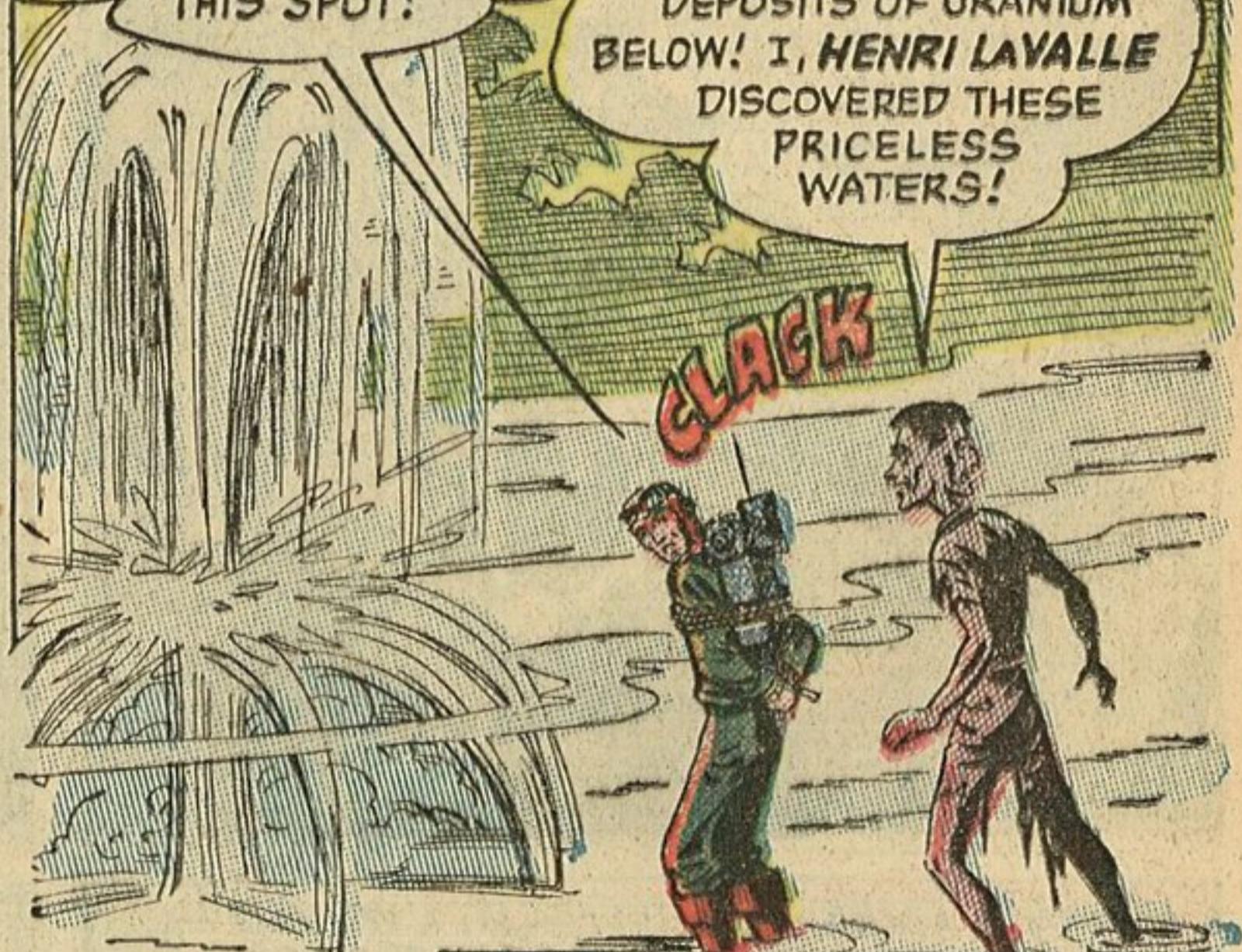


LAVALLE! WAIT -- I REMEMBER NOW! IT WAS  
THE NAME OF A FATALLY-ILL EXPLORER WHO  
DISAPPEARED INTO  
THE EVERGLADES  
YEARS AGO!

YES - AND I AM THAT  
MAN! DURING MY EXPLO-  
RATIONS, I DISCOVERED RARE  
MAPS AND PAPERS WHICH  
INDICATED THAT PONCE  
DE LEON'S QUEST  
FOR A FOUNTAIN  
OF YOUTH  
WASN'T A  
MERE PIPE-  
DREAM!

GOOD LORD... THE COUNTER  
WENT OUT OF COMMISSION...  
WHICH MEANS IT COULDN'T  
MEASURE THE INCREDIBLE  
AMOUNT OF RADIATION AT  
THIS SPOT!

YES, THE FOUNTAIN  
AHEAD IS ALMOST A  
PURE STREAM OF  
RADIOACTIVE ENERGY,  
FED BY ENORMOUS  
DEPOSITS OF URANIUM  
BELOW! I, **HENRI LAVALLE**  
DISCOVERED THESE  
PRICELESS  
WATERS!

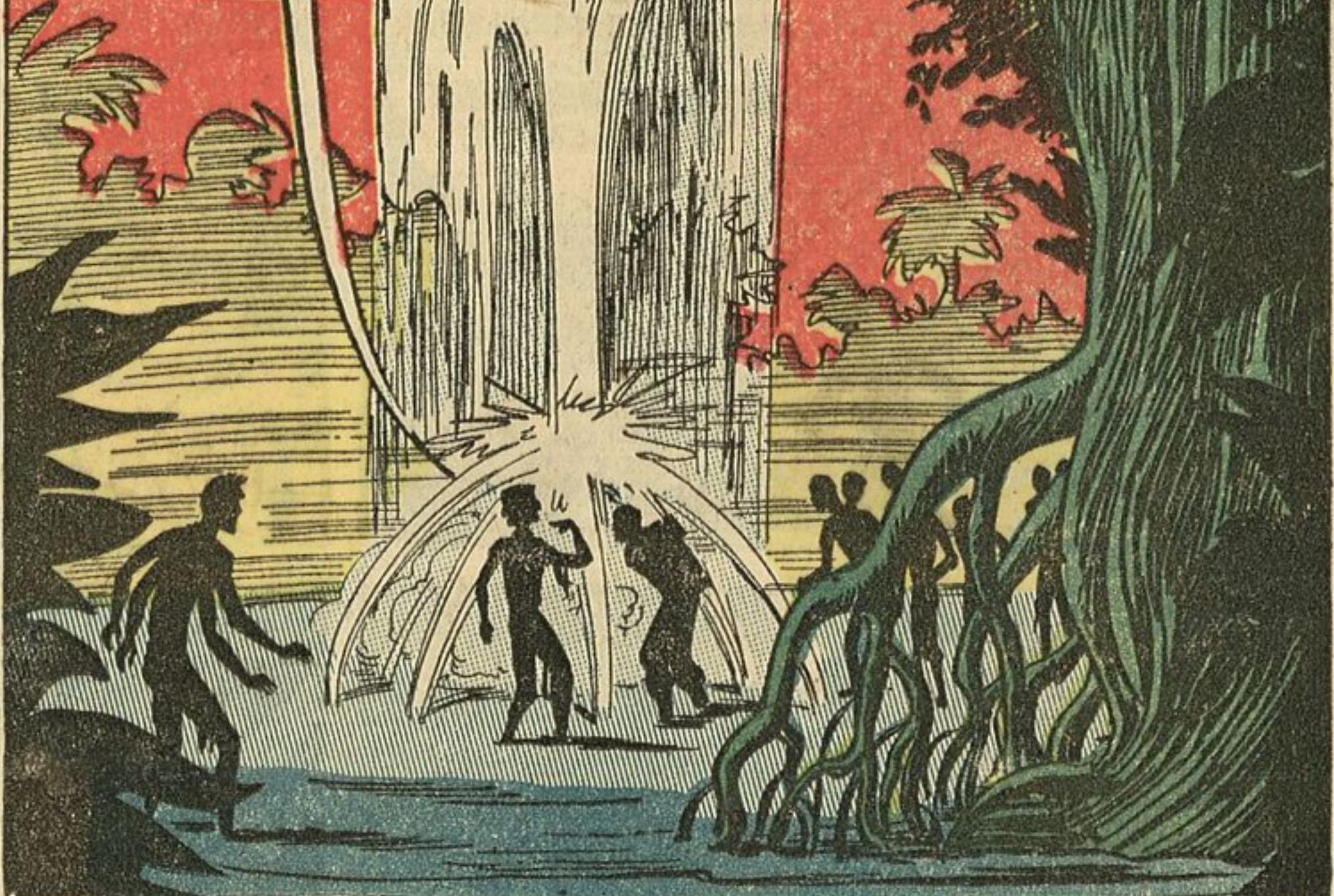


I HAD TO FIND IT -- OR DIE HORRIBLY  
FROM MY INCURABLE ILLNESS! AFTER  
MONTHS OF WANDERING, I FINALLY  
STUMBLED UPON THIS FOUNTAIN --  
BUT I COULDN'T BE SURE IT WAS  
THE **FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH** UNTIL  
I TESTED IT BY IMMERSING  
CAPTURED BIRDS AND ANIMALS  
IN ITS WATERS! TO MY  
AMAZEMENT, THE CREATURES  
UNDERWENT AMAZING TRANS-  
FORMATIONS -- BECAME **FREAKS**--  
**MUTATIONS** -- **BODILESS**  
AND **INDESTRUCTIBLE**!



SO THAT IS THE MIRACLE I DISCOVERED -- A FOUNTAIN OF **RADIOACTIVE RAYS** SO POWERFUL THAT THEY DISINTEGRATED LIVING TISSUES, LEAVING ONLY THE SPIRIT TO INHABIT A **PHANTOM BODY**! ANY LIVING THING IMMERSSED IN IT CAN HAVE NO BODILY ILLS OR INFIRMITIES-- AND SO CAN LIVE FOREVER IF IT PERIODICALLY UNDERGOES ADDITIONAL IMMERSIONS!

YEARS AGO, I IMMERSED MYSELF AND CHANGED INTO MY PRESENT FORM - IN WHICH I WILL REMAIN TILL THE END OF TIME OR THE FOUNTAIN'S DESTRUCTION! BUT WHEN I SAW THE OTHER ADVANTAGES MY POWER BROUGHT ME, I RETURNED TO CIVILIZATION IN MY PHANTOM STATE TO ROB AND PLUNDER -- AND TO ENGINEER PRISON BREAKS!



YOU FIEND... YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THAT MAD PLAN!

NO? ARE YOU GOING TO STOP ME? HA-HA-HA! YOU WILL BE FLUNG INTO THE CENTER OF THE FOUNTAIN, THE HEART OF THE RADIATION! ALL THE CREATURES WE TESTED THERE WERE UTTERLY ANNIHILATED... SO NOT EVEN YOUR SPIRIT WILL REMAIN!

DIE, FOOL... DIE!

THANK GOSH I HAD THE FORESIGHT TO PUT A RESERVE DOSE OF CYSTEINE IN THAT FALSE CAP ON MY BACK MOLAR! PRYING OFF THE CAP WITH MY TONGUE SHOULD GIVE ME ENOUGH OF THE MIRACLE DRUG TO PROTECT ME AGAINST THIS DEADLY RADIATION-- I HOPE!



**I**N THE HEART OF THE EERILY-GLOWING FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH...

I--I'M NOT SUCCUMBLING TO THE RADIATION--THE DRUG IS WORKING! NOW TO PUSH THROUGH AND GET OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE!



SECONDS LATER --

HE IS DEAD  
BY NOW...  
DISINTEGRATED  
INTO  
NOTHINGNESS!

GOOD! THEY  
CAN'T SEE ME  
THROUGH THE DENSE  
CENTER OF THE FOUNTAIN!  
NOW TO PLOW MY WAY  
THROUGH THE SWAMP  
SHRUBBERY, BACK TO  
THE RADIO TRANSMITTER  
ATTACHED TO MY  
PARACHUTE HARNESS!  
AND THEN -- AN  
URGENT MESSAGE  
TO THE CHIEF!

LATER THAT DAY, IN A PENTAGON OFFICE...

I KNOW THAT GORDON'S  
RADIO MESSAGE SOUNDS  
INCREDIBLE, GENERAL--  
BUT IF HIS STORY IS TRUE,  
THE FATE OF OUR COUNTRY  
IS AT STAKE! WHAT HARM  
CAN IT DO TO DROP ONE OF  
YOUR EXPERIMENTAL **BABY**  
**ATOM BOMBS** ON AN

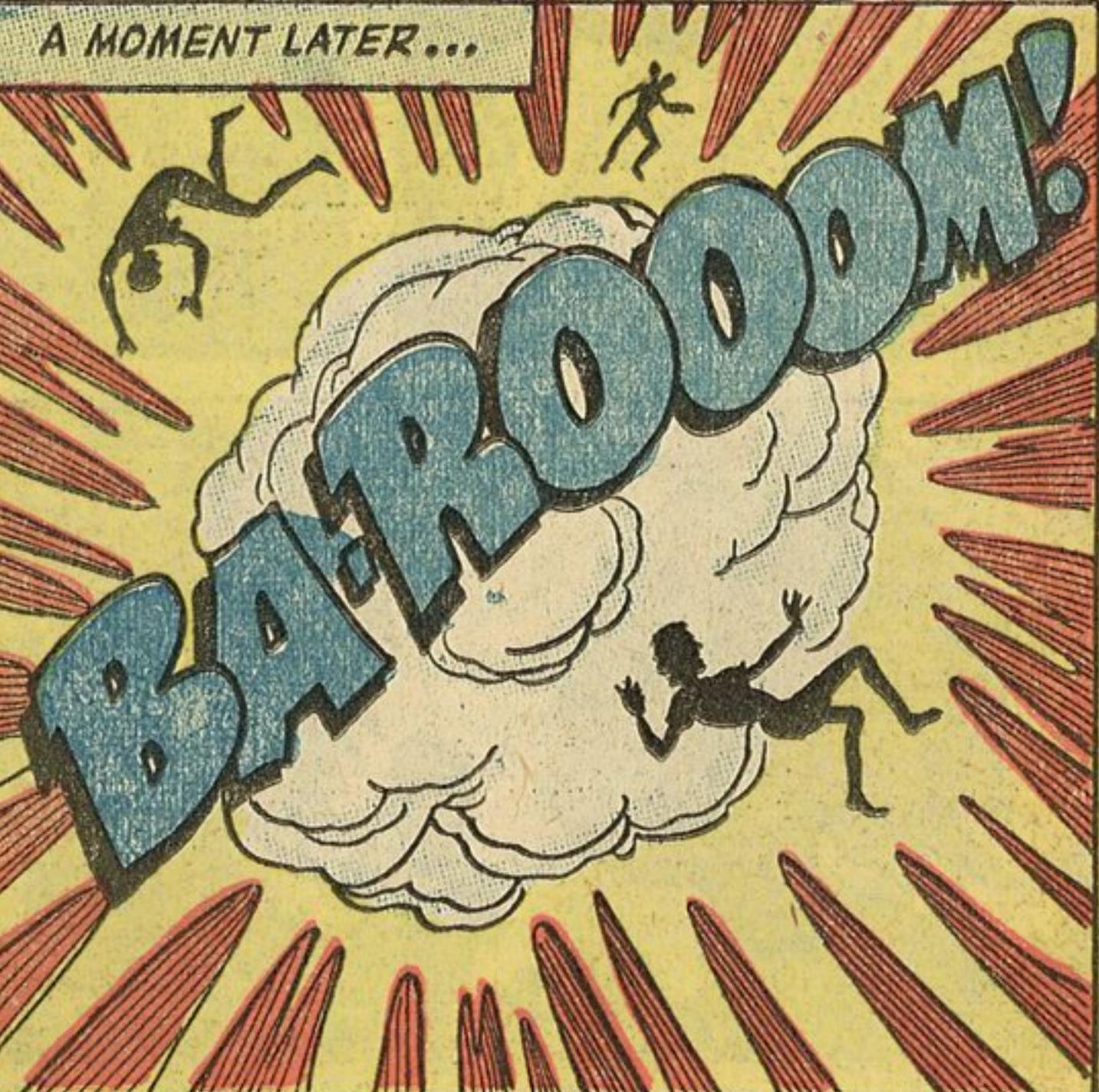
UNINHABITED  
SECTION OF THE  
EVERGLADES?

NONE AT ALL ... WHICH  
IS WHY WE'RE NOT  
TAKING ANY CHANCES!  
WE'LL DROP ONE  
SMACK ON THAT  
POSITION GORDON  
RADIOED TO YOU!

NEXT DAY...

LISTEN ... A PLANE IS  
RIGHT OVERHEAD! IT'S  
PROBABLY SEARCHING FOR  
THE MAN WE KILLED  
YESTERDAY ... BUT WE'RE  
SAFE, BECAUSE THE  
CANOPY OF TREES CONCEALS  
US AND THE FOUNTAIN FROM  
AERIAL OBSERVATION!

A MOMENT LATER...

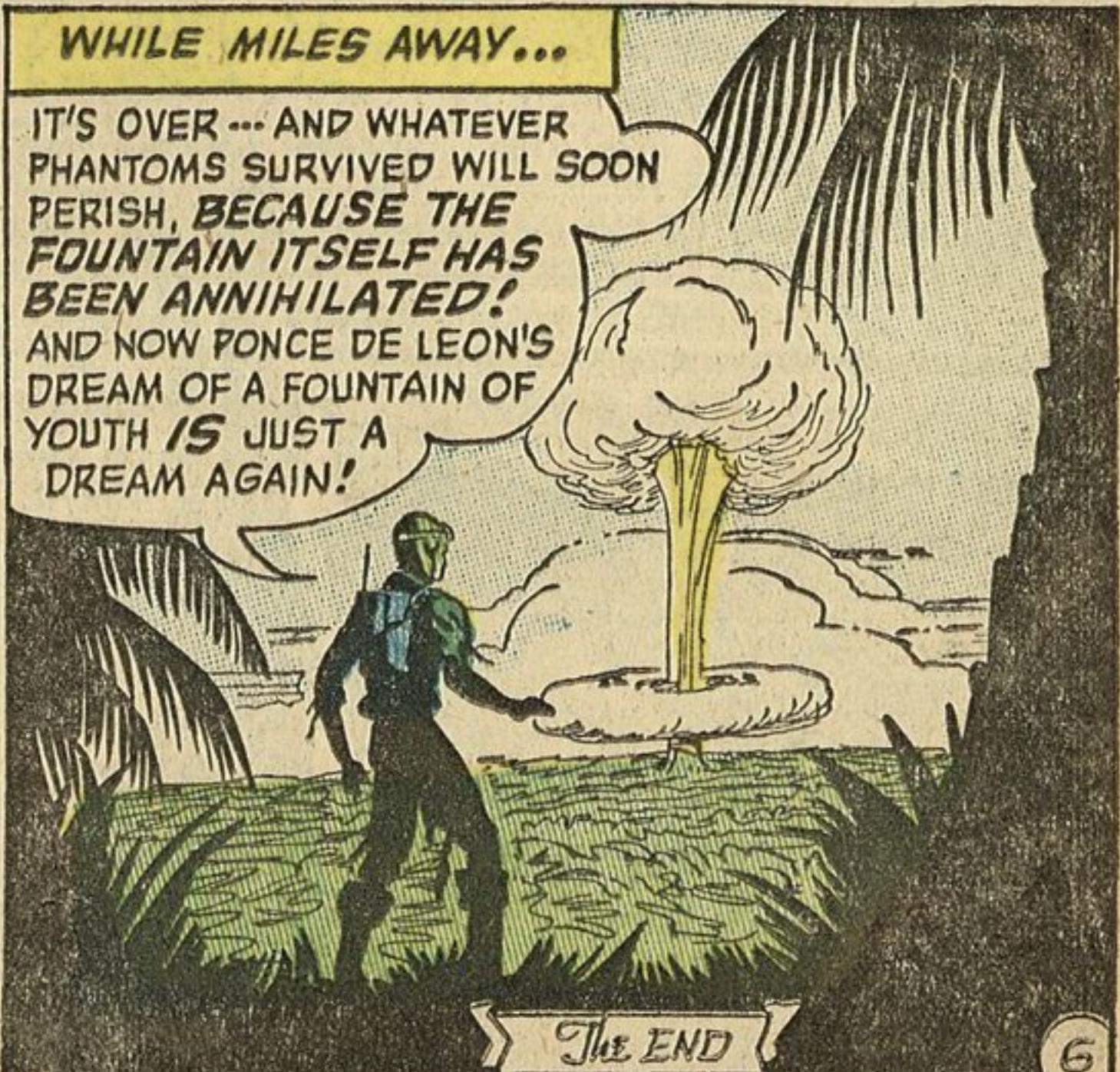


HUH? WE JUST  
DROPPED A **BABY**  
A-BOMB --- BUT  
THAT EXPLOSION  
WAS GREATER THAN  
THAT OF A **SUPER**  
A-BOMB!

YEAH... I DON'T  
GET IT --- UNLESS  
THE TERRIFIC IMPACT  
TOUCHED OFF A CHAIN  
REACTION IN A URANIUM  
DEPOSIT DOWN THERE,  
BLOWING THE WHOLE  
PLACE TO  
SMITHEREENS!

WHILE MILES AWAY...

IT'S OVER ... AND WHATEVER  
PHANTOMS SURVIVED WILL SOON  
PERISH, **BECAUSE THE**  
**FOUNTAIN ITSELF HAS**  
**BEEN ANNIHILATED!**  
AND NOW PONCE DE LEON'S  
DREAM OF A FOUNTAIN OF  
YOUTH **IS** JUST A  
DREAM AGAIN!



THE END

You Can WIN  
This 15" tall  
SILVER TROPHY  
JUST AS I DID IN  
10 MINUTES  
OF FUN  
A DAY!

I GAINED  
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY  
POWER-PACKED  
MUSCLES!

Which of these  
2 ME'S  
is YOU?

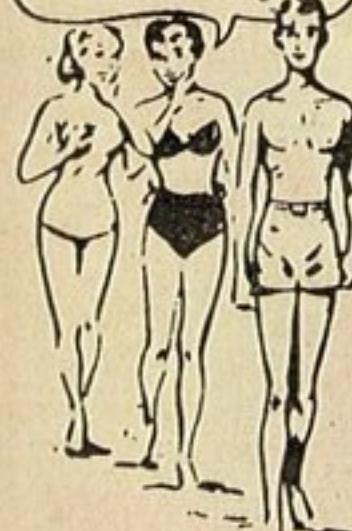
THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.  
SPINDLE-  
ARMED SISSY below  
WAS ME  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE  
YOUR LAST  
CHANCE  
TO GET FOR  
ALL 5 10¢  
PICTURE  
PACKED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOLD FOR  
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was  
a skinny, sick weak-  
ling. As you can see  
in my "Before" Photo I  
looked like a child...  
years younger than my  
age. I was ashamed to  
take a picture in bath-  
ing trunks as I do now.  
I was shy with girls  
because I had nothing  
to show off. A few  
weeks after starting  
the Jowett Course my  
body was the best in  
the neighborhood. Now  
I get respect and ad-  
miration from every  
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch  
NEW YORK  
NOW

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
ROGER. Let's  
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH  
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.  
Look at him NOW—  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN  
from Head to Toe

as YOU  
can be  
soon!



Roger  
Hirsch  
before

NO! friend you  
don't have to be  
SKINNY any more  
just mail **NOW**  
the **FREE**  
coupon below  
as I did. Soon  
**YOU** can add  
6½ inches to your **CHEST**  
3 inches to each **ARM**  
and the rest  
in proportion  
just as I did.

Come on, PAL, NOW  
YOU GIVE ME  
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE  
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says George F. Jowett World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're  
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're  
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST  
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER  
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck  
to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to  
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND  
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY,  
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American  
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't  
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**  
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way  
known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my  
"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways  
fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like  
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail  
coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!

BOTH **FREE** FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-29

"Jowett Courses  
greatest in  
World for  
Building  
All-Around  
HE-MEN"  
R. F. Kelley  
Director  
Physical

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of  
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building  
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build  
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One  
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢  
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

## Buy Now at our Low Low PRICES!

**Hi! I'm GINGER!**  
the Doll whose HAIR  
YOU CAN WAVE!

I have  
RUBBER  
WONDERSKIN!

NEW!

FREE HAIR WAVE KITS



TERRIFIC  
VALUE!

only  
**3.98**

complete

RUSH YOUR  
ORDER TODAY!

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of . . . plastic curlers . . . rubber waving bands . . . waving end papers . . . plastic comb . . . and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 pc.  
**NURS-A-DOLLY**

COMPLETE  
NURSING SET

BOTTLES-NIPPLES

MEASURING CUP

FUNNEL

KETTLE

BOTTLE BRUSH

- She drinks; She wets!
- Washable Rubber Wonderskin!
- 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother — this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll drinks, and wets her diaper . . . comes with complete feeding equipment — 21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, life-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine Only  
**3.98**  
Complete

RUSH YOUR  
ORDER TODAY!

**SEND NO  
MONEY!** C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit  
with order...We pay postage.

NEW! MYSTERY FISH-BOWL

AMAZING

Specially  
priced  
at only  
**2.98**

WHAT KEEPS THE  
WATER IN THE  
LOOP?



RUSH YOUR  
ORDER TODAY!

What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they frisk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

"HAPPY" the  
COWBOY

HYA PARDNA

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH,
- ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids — here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist — in a jiffy! Imagine — you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head — watch his lips move — hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY'S mouth! See how real he looks — rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. . . Show off your skill at parties — at school! SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



Imagine!  
Only  
**2.98**  
Complete

**NOVELTY MART, Dept. AG3**  
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following  
Enclosed find:  Check on M.O.  C.O.D. plus postage

<input type="checkbox"/> FISH-BOWL .....	\$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Ginger .....	\$3.98
<input type="checkbox"/> Happy the Cowboy	\$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Nurs-A-Dolly ...	\$3.98

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_